

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 24, 1951

ALBERTA "TEXAS OF THE NORTH"  
(Map and Photos in Color)

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY

Wanted: U.S. help in Indo-China.



Commander Land Cruiser—Paul Rose photo

Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

Jet-streamed in style and performance  
A car so exciting to drive you seldom give it a rest

## New 120 h.p. Studebaker Commander V-8

A new type of V-8 engine with tremendous zip and pep  
Gets amazing extra power from every drop of gasoline  
Exceptional mileage per gallon...needs no premium fuel  
The car to try—the car to buy—for real savings

\*Best 8 in actual gas mileage in 1951 Mattoon Run.  
Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

AND FOR STILL LESS MONEY...STUDEBAKER CHAMPION...ONE OF THE TOP 4 LOWEST PRICE CARS

©1951, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

RESEARCH KEEPS

# B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



## Rubber throats for a fire spitter

*A typical example of B.F. Goodrich product improvement*

THAT flame—over 4000° hot—shoots out of that pipe so fast it burns holes in rock—some of them 5 feet deep. Into those holes go dynamite charges that will blast the rock to bits. The spitting fire is made right there in the pipe—a mixture of oxygen, kerosene and water fed to the pipe through rubber hose.

But a hose was needed that would be strong enough to stand the pressure, flexible enough to be easy to carry around, tough enough to take the gas without rotting the inside, causing flaking of rubber that clogs tools.

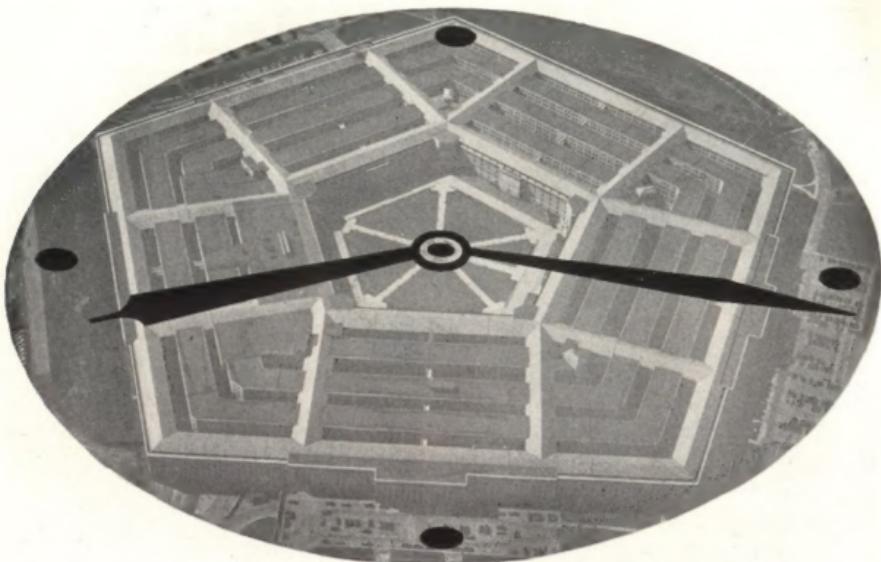
B.F. Goodrich engineers had developed a hose for just such jobs.

They found a special rubber for the inside that wouldn't come to pieces from the gas. They developed a way of reinforcing the hose with strong cords that stand over 5 times the pressure needed to shoot the flame—protecting the man who does the work. For good measure they made a rubber cover that stands heat in case the hose accidentally meets with hot pipes. This B.F. Goodrich hose is used to carry all three of the elements to the blowpipe.

Product improvements in hose are

typical of the work constantly being done on all B.F. Goodrich products. This hose—and other rubber products—could have been considered good enough *minus* some of these improvements, but that's not the policy at B.F. Goodrich. That's why you can find savings, find ways of doing jobs better by calling in your local BFG distributor next time you need industrial rubber products. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

**B.F. Goodrich**  
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

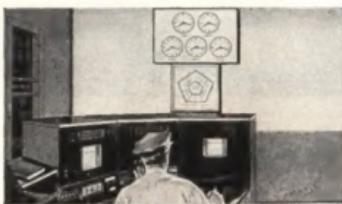


## How to Handle 9,889,200 Seconds and Not Lose One!

**Time, Vital to The Pentagon, is Measured with Split-Second Accuracy by 2747 Synchronomatic Clocks!**

When Daylight Saving ends, the flip of a switch will reset the Pentagon's 2747 clocks. In the time required by that changeover, these hundreds of clocks normally would have passed 9,889,200 seconds. But when they resume not one second will have been lost!

This miracle of modern precision is achieved by the same Telechron motor that powers all Edwards Synchronomatic Clocks. Synchronized to the 60 cycle current of the main power station, Edwards Centrally Controlled Systems enable one, a hundred or ten thousand clocks to keep time with split second accuracy. Never needs regulating and there is no troublesome master clock.



**Control Room of the Pentagon . . . Nerve Center for its vast time, communication and protection systems**

If you have a time, communication or protection problem Edwards can help you. Whatever your need . . . a musical door chime for the home, a communication or fire alarm system for hospital, school, business or industry, depend on Edwards for the best. Write Dept. T-9, The Edwards Company Inc., Norwalk, Conn.

**EDWARDS**

*World's Most Reliable Time, Communication and Protection Products*

# Comfort IS OUR BUSINESS

Behind Heywood-Wakefield furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom is the richest background of experience of any furniture manufacturer in the country. That is why it is a first choice for comfort and handsome styling in thousands of homes. Since we began making furniture 125 years ago, our business has grown until our products contribute to comfortable living in many important ways. It now includes school furniture and seating for theatres, buses and railroads. This diversity has brought added benefits to everyone who uses a Heywood-Wakefield product. Because the progress we make in the development of one, leads consistently to improvement in the design, comfort and value of all the others.



*You Find This Familiar Trademark Wherever America  
LIVES • TRAVELS • SEEKS AMUSEMENT • OR GOES TO SCHOOL*



Theatre Chairs of "Airflo" and "Encore" designs are proving that comfortable seating is a profitable investment for theatre operators.



School Furniture of light weight, sturdy tubular steel assures long, satisfactory service in meeting the needs of America's schools and colleges.



Baby Carriages bearing the familiar Heywood-Wakefield emblem have been a first choice for styling, comfort and safety for generations.



Railroad Seats like this luxurious "Sleepy Hollow" model are a revenue-building choice on a growing number of leading railroads.



Bus Seats of Heywood-Wakefield scientific design make travel more comfortable on both city service and intercity routes of leading bus companies.

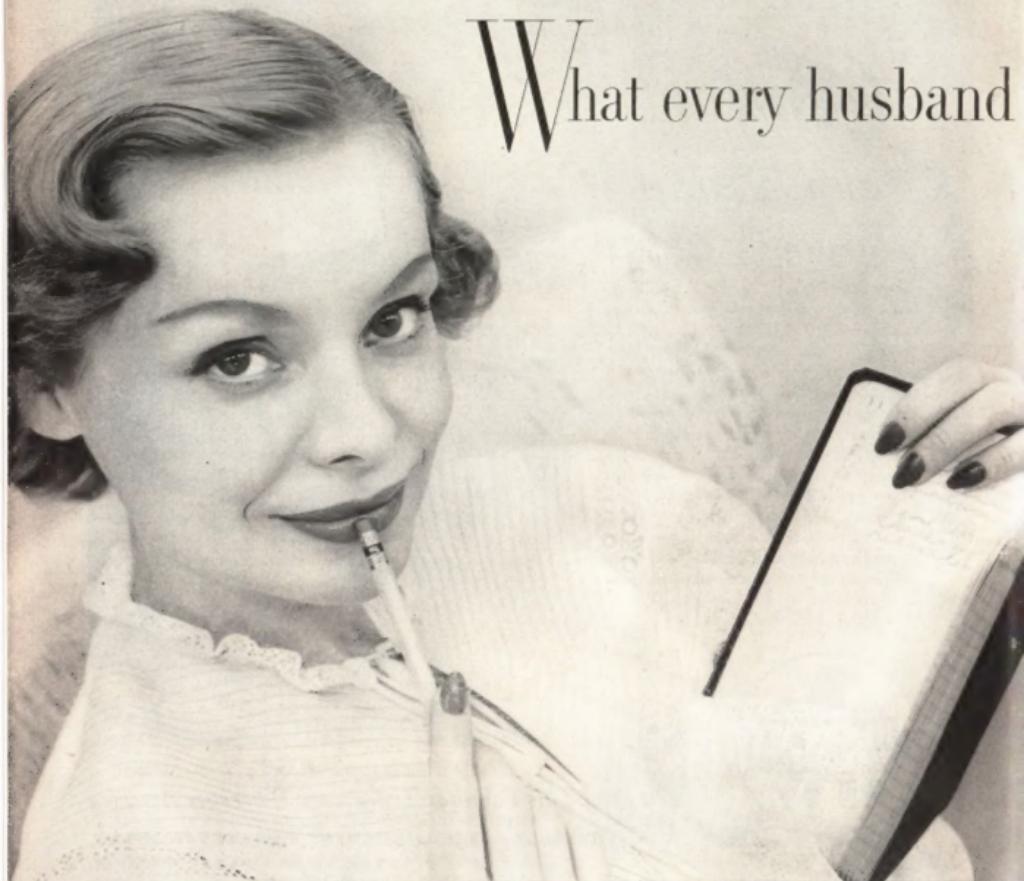


Household Furniture—Modern, Old Colony and all-purpose Ash-craft designs carry on the 125-year-old Heywood-Wakefield tradition of fine styling and sound construction.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY • Gardner, Mass. • Serving America's Homes and the Public for 125 years

© Heywood-Wakefield Co., 1951

# What every husband



AN INFORMATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT BY PLYMOUTH



women plan their work to prevent waste motion—so they like this key that puts ignition, starting, and automatic choke into operation all at once. A Plymouth "exclusive" in the lowest-priced field.



women are shorter than men. They want seats that hold them up where they can see. They like Plymouth's chair-height seats—also the front seat that rises as you adjust it forward.



a woman will notice, in Plymouth, that the luggage compartment sill is at floor level; there's no flange to lift objects over. Also, the counterbalanced lid lifts at the touch of a finger and stays up by itself.

# should know . . .

## *about choosing a new car*

Your wife may not know a gasket from a tappet when the talk is about mechanical parts, but she can spot car value every time!

How does she do it? Maybe it's because women are the purchasing agents for most homes. They're used to comparing values. A man will rush into a store and say, "I'll take that one." A woman will not be satisfied until she's shopped around and found the best for the money.

Not only that, but women seem to have a very realistic approach to car buying. They will see disadvantages or advantages that a man may never think of.

On these pages we show a few of the things that women usually look into. See if you don't think they make a lot of sense.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 21, Michigan

**you know** women's hats! Some have doohickeys on them as high as television aerials. That's why women like high door openings. And they like doors that swing wide open. Among the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth has the highest door openings—also doors that open widest, by far.



just by feeling an upholstery fabric, your value-wise Lady of the House can tell a lot about it. We'd like very much to have her examine the materials and workmanship of Plymouth interiors, comparing them with others in the lowest-priced field—or with the high-priced cars. Many women have told us that these interiors are actually as fine as those in the very expensive cars, particularly in the degree of color-harmony between fabrics and trim.



women think of safety for the children. They like the fact that Plymouth's inside door handles pull upward to open the door. Also, in four-door sedans, the rear doors can be locked from the inside by pressing a button.

easy handling and riding are points you'll want your wife to check. We think she'll be impressed with Plymouth's new "Safety-Flow Ride." It's an exclusive combination of several features, including the new Oilflow shock absorbers that give you *three times* the cushioning power of ordinary shock absorbers. Why not call your Plymouth dealer for a demonstration? Then be sure to take your wife along.

Equipment and trim subject to availability of materials

# Plymouth





## be her best date in a **DISNEY HAT**

And in the Wispabout you have a hat as light as a whisper...as airy as an autumn breeze. Has narrow twist weave band, soft pliant felt. In many Fall shades, only \$10. Other Disney hats up to \$40.

DISNEY HATS, 475 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.



*Discover Velvet Velocity!*



*See how easy driving is!*

## Chevrolet's **POWER***Glide* automatic transmission

*brings a new kind of driving  
to the low-price field*



The Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan  
(Continuation of standard equipment  
and trim illustrated is dependent on  
availability of material.)



*Take traffic in stride!*



*Cruise the highways!*



You're about to take  
a "Discovery Drive"  
in a smart new Powerglide\* Chevrolet.

You start the engine,  
slip the control lever to "Drive,"  
*and your "work" is done!*  
Just press the accelerator to go,  
press the brake pedal to stop!

There's no clutch pedal . . .  
nothing to do with your hands  
but steer the car!

In less time than it takes to tell,  
you're the complete master

of this thrilling new way to drive . . .  
this *velvet velocity* that provides  
a smooth, unbroken flow of power  
at all speed ranges.

For Powerglide is something special . . .  
special 105-h.p. engine,  
special EconoMiser rear axle  
and extra-special automatic transmission.  
It's waiting for you at your dealer's, now!  
Chevrolet Division of General Motors,  
Detroit 2, Michigan

\*Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and  
105-h.p., 210-c.i.-in-line engine optional on De Luxe models  
at extra cost.

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLET'S THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

## LETTERS

### Correction

Sir:

I was greatly distressed to see that in a story on Brazil entitled "Land of No Divorce" (TIME, Sept. 10), the name of Dr. Francisco Campos of Rio de Janeiro, one-time Minister of Justice and Interior, was mentioned in connection with an incident in the story.

That information did not come from this bureau. It is well known in all of Rio de Janeiro that Dr. Campos was in no way connected with the incident.

FRANK WHITE

TIME INC.  
Rio de Janeiro

¶ TIME, misinformed, regrets that it used Dr. Campos' name in an incident in which he had no part.—Ed.

### City in Terror

Sir:

On behalf of the 8,000,000 Bantu who do not (possibly cannot) read quality magazines, I would like to shout *bayete! bayete!* to TIME, Sept. 3 for putting its blunt finger on Johannesburg, South Africa's sorrest spot.

Anyone who has lived there, and is honest, knows that the "native" is no less human and peculiar than the average Lett, Finn, Parsee, Mongol and Persian; not to mention American, Briton or Russian.

However, let us not despair. The policy of *apartheid* is already beaten—by the sheer fecundity of the Bantu.

LARRY FINN

West Vancouver, B.C.

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Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

### FLOWERS-BY-WIRE ARE PERFECT FOR CHRISTMAS

Business firms find FLOWERS-BY-WIRE the ideal Christmas Greeting. Plan now to turn your list over to your F.T.D. Florist. He'll take it from there...with delivery *on time* guaranteed!

FLOWERS ARE BEAUTIFUL BUSINESS BUILDERS!



TIME  
September 24, 1951

Volume LVIII  
Number 13



14½ hours after leaving New York you'll be in Paris! (above) Place de la Concorde. You may go to London, Paris or Rome on the deluxe "Strato" Clipper flights of *The President* at Thrift Season fares. Or, for \$10 extra, you may fly on *The President Special*, world's most luxurious air service.



The same delicious food served in exclusive Maxim's, Paris (above), is provided without charge on Pan American Clippers to Europe. Your seven-course dinner aloft includes cocktails . . . fine French wine . . . a liqueur.



Only Pan American flies double-decked airliners to Paris, Rome, Brussels, Amsterdam, Frankfurt and Beirut. These giant "Strato" Clippers can also take you to London, Glasgow, Shannon. Club lounge (above) is on lower deck.

## Now You can afford that trip to EUROPE!

To London, Paris, Rome—and all Europe—Clipper<sup>®</sup> Thrift-Season fares save up to 26%.

If you leave now and return after November 30th, round-trip Clipper fares to Europe are reduced up to 26%! Many seasoned travelers consider autumn the best time to see Europe. The weather is bright and sparkling. The tourist crowds are gone. Accommodations are easier to get. Prices are often lower. Theaters and night clubs are in full swing.

Or you can play on the fashionable Riviera—fly direct from New York to Nice. Start planning right away! Call your Travel Agent or Pan American. \*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



More people fly to Europe by Pan American  
... the Clippers have made  
over 37,000 transatlantic crossings —  
more, by far, than any other airline

**PAN AMERICAN**

**World's Most Experienced Airline**



Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a  
**Pontiac**



Equipment, accessories and trim  
illustrated are subject to change without notice.

Most Beautiful Way to See America!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Sir:

. . . All that Mr. Campbell says is only too true . . .

EILEEN DALTON  
Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, B.C.A.

Sir:

. . . Obviously the vast majority of your readers will be outraged by racial discrimination which you have portrayed—but what results do you expect? This American public opinion which you arouse can do nothing constructive. Quite the contrary, a condemnation by Americans of a South African internal affair can have a decidedly unpleasant effect; and still without improving the lot of the South African Negroes . . .

C. J. CAREY

New York City

Sir:

. . . It's time we cleaned our own backyard before we criticize our neighbors.

P. G. GELLER

Montgomery, Ala.

Sir:

. . . Your coverage of late happenings in dynamite-laden trouble spots (*i.e.*, South Africa, Islam, etc.) is most commendable, and one sure sign that everybody with "pull" is not asleep—although the vast majority of our leaders and publications seem to be held fast in the arms of Morpheus.

RONALD H. BAYES

Umapine, Ore.

Sir:

. . . The people of South Africa . . . undoubtedly do in some cases take advantage of, and abuse, the native, but on the other hand, what would the natives do if the white man pulled out? . . . They would rapidly revert to the jungle again, and go back to their old tribal warfares, and the rapid killing off of their own kind.

What the solution is, I wouldn't dare say . . . all I can say is, that for sure, the present situation is full of dynamite . . .

F. CLIFFORD EVANS

Seattle

That Gardner Girl

Sir:

Glamour, sex, Ava Gardner, *et al.*! Oh, boy! Just what Hollywood needs! . . . Half the world in slavery; U.S. morals in a questionable and precarious position, amply aided by Hollywood; and TIME [Sept. 3] what Hollywood needs is GLAMOUR! Where, oh, where, is your sense of values?

RITA HOLACHEK

Milwaukee

Sir:

Have you descended to the level of the *Police Gazette* in . . . inflicting the shameless Jezebel's doings and sayings upon us, your readers? . . .

(MRS.) L. C. MARSHALL

Los Angeles

Sir:

. . . Your glorification of Ava Gardner's "glamorous life" and escapades with domestic and imported dandies . . . should give incomparable aid to the ideals of teen-agers, who dream of the "fashionable existence" dramatized so eloquently in our modern novels, comic strips, and the busty belles of our movie industry.

TAYLOR MEASOM, U.S.N.

c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco

Sir:

You quote Producer William Perlberg as saying, " . . . Would you want to go to the



are you wearing a

# morning backache\*

on your face...?

Haggard . . . ? "Drawn-and-tired" looking . . . ? Stop blaming your housework or job and put the blame for that fatigued tension where it so frequently belongs . . . on an out-dated, "spineless" mattress! . . . a major cause of the miserable "Morning Backache" 3 out of 5 Americans endure! Dangerous muscle strain can result from a mattress that sags and "slouches"! Replace it now with the revolutionary *firmness*, the supreme support of the new Sealy Firm-O-Rest Posturepedic Mattress . . . scientifically designed to refresh you with spine-on-a-line sleeping luxury.



# Sealy



HERE'S THE CULPRIT! . . . the low-slung, sagging mattress that lets "your" body sink into dangerous muscle strain. You often wake up more exhausted than when you retired, a "morning backache" candidate!



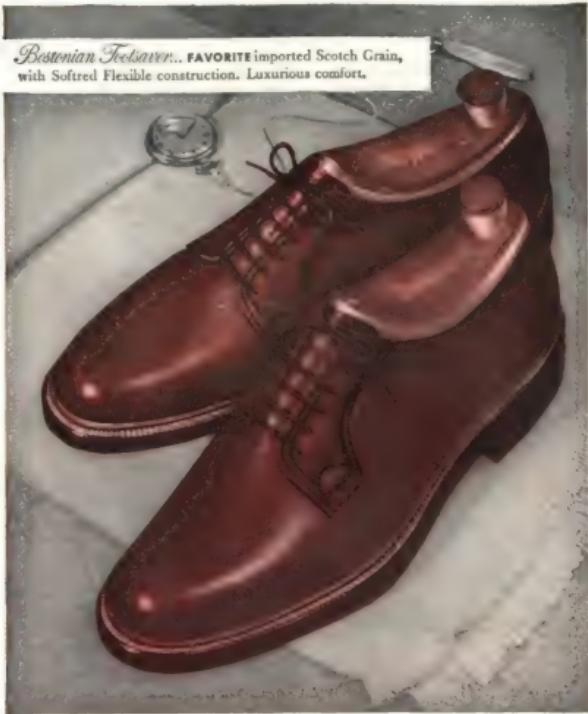
THE SOLUTION! . . . The SEALY FIRM-O-REST, scientifically "pre-built" for spine-on-a-line comfort. Firmness, support, relaxation . . . SEALY FIRM-O-REST meets healthful sleep needs.

FIRM-O-REST POSTUREPEDIC MATTRESS

FREE! Write today for your copy of interesting booklet  
"The Orthopedic Surgeon Looks at Your Mattress."

SEALY, INC. • 666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO • FACTORIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

*Bostonian Footsaver... FAVORITE* imported Scotch Grain,  
with Softred Flexible construction. Luxurious comfort.



## Lend us 10 minutes. We'll pay you back—with interest!



NEXT TIME you have 10 minutes, drop into a Bostonian shoe store.

We'll spend the first two minutes finding your Footsavers. You'll spend the next eight walking around. Little smile. MEDIUM smile. BIG smile.

For your feet will almost "purr" in these luxuriously comfortable shoes. The difference is all inside.

YOU can't see it . . . but you'll feel it. For many a mile to come! Ask your Bostonian dealer to show you his new Footsaver styles!

*Greater comfort than you've ever known!*

# Bostonian Footsavers

© Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

theater and pay money to see the girl next door?"

"I'm wondering if Miss Gardner would let me pitch my tent outside her window, as there ain't nothin' like that in my neighborhood."

WILLIAM P. WEST

Williamsburg, Ky.

Sir:

. . . You could do a great service in these hectic times if you would say that Ava needs a darn good spanking . . .

MARY SEYFARTH

Charleston, W.Va.

Sir:

Miss Ava Gardner's picture on the cover rescues my soul. She does it with clean hands . . . and no damned red varnish on her nails. That gal just can't have anything but good sense . . .

BURNS R. ROBBINS

Boston

Sir:

Re Barney Duhan, the cop who discovered Ava Gardner: he is such a handsome fellow that I'm certain if Ava saw his picture she would send it to M-G-M.

PEARL RIEGER

New York City

Sir:

As a friend of that cop, Barney Duhan [see cut], may I put a plug in for him?

He is, to hundreds of Puerto Rican and Negro children in the 24th Precinct area, Barney the cop. He knows each one's name and each one's talent. He gets them into the movies for free, gives Spanish-speaking kids reading lessons in English, takes them on picnics on his own time and expense, and has even found jobs for their parents . . . He speaks several languages and he's one hell of a good guy . . .

HARRY STEIN

Maury Gartner



New York City

The Man to Beat

Sir:

Your superbly written Aug. 27 cover story on Dick Savitt fails to read as well as it did, now that the National Singles Tournament is consigned to history . . . Certainly the ailing Savitt cannot be taken to task for failing to put on the kind of display "that brought the crowds out to watch the Tildens, Johnstons . . . in their prime." Although his stroking was close to normal, there can be no gauging the toll his infected leg took . . .

Today's arch-protagonist of tennis' "big game" is Frank Sedgman. His brute power and agility, coupled with the classical nature of his stroking style, leave Sedgman at the head of the class and a worthy successor to the Buddies and the Vilas. He, too, can be beaten (as he was at both Wimbledon and in Australia), but the tremendous potential of his game has always existed. If Frank has truly arrived, he'll be unbearable for years to come—worse luck for us Americans . . .

A. A. FRANKL

Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Senter's Big Idea

Sir:

In answer to Mrs. Gano Senter [who proposed complete castration for male sex offenders—TIME, Sept. 3]:

I doubt that men were born to be sex offenders. Why not begin at the root of past



Ned Shulman

A de luxe duo-tone color print 18½" x 16½" on fine paper will be sent you on request. Write Dept. B, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

## AMERICA STILL SAYS

**"EXPRESS"**

WHEN SHE'S IN A HURRY

First light of the fifth day found the Pony Express some 800 miles out of St. Joseph, Missouri...thundering through Wyoming. In the saddle bags were packets consigned to San Francisco at a cost of \$5.00 the half ounce. Nine riders, 63 horses had been spent and California was still six savage days away.

The Pony Express, a new company, had been formed to fill a new American need for speed. And the day the first exhausted rider reached California, a word acquired a new American meaning. "Express". Safe, sure shipping over any distance...and above all, *fast*.

Now, as then, dependable speed is the basic need of America's shippers. And in times of emergency or great defense effort, it's absolutely essential. America's production lines depend on fast, coordinated shipping schedules.

Pony Express did the pioneering. Today, it's Railway Express for dependable shipping speed under any conditions, "Express". You can say that again, America! It's the one and only company that fills *all* your shipping needs. And it's been doing it for one hundred and twelve years without depending on tax-payer subsidy.



THE PRIVATELY OWNED  
AGENCY THAT SHIPS

*ANYTHING, ANYTIME,  
ANYWHERE!*

The  
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"  
(*Phytopusporum Ovalis*)

# INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?

Go after the germs with  
Listerine Antiseptic and Massage...Quick!



THOSE flakes and scales on coat shoulder—especially if they persist—may be symptoms of infectious dandruff and the millions of germs that go with it.

Don't delay or experiment with untested methods. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice-a-day and keep it up. This is the tested way that has helped so many . . . may help you.

Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

#### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (*P. ovalis*). This is the stubborn invader that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't expect results overnight. You must be persistent: use the treatment twice a day as long as necessary. You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

#### When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a wise precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand treatment. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

#### THE TESTED TREATMENT

#### FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



See THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "So You Want to Lead a Band" • CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

environments, studying the causes that stimulate these unruly desires?

Mrs. Senter and the Denver Women's Club could begin in the home.

CARL E. BARNES

McGehee, Ark.

Sir:

What proof do Mrs. Senter and the Women's Club of Denver have that a man who commits a sex crime is a "wretch [who] cannot control his impulses"? This is the belief of the undisciplined and the ignorant. I am sure that many psychiatrists will agree that this impulse is one of the minor ones caused by our complex, nerve-racking society . . .

WILLIAM E. HARRIS

Austin, Texas

Sir:

Wouldn't Mrs. Senter be wiser to suggest blinding those unfortunate so they could not see our screens, movies, comic books, bathing suits, and some of our advertising?

ROBERT H. CROWE

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sir:

. . . From pre-puberty, we American males are nurtured on a diet of interminable tribute to womanly legs, eyes, lips, hair, and teeth . . . then a line of morality is drawn over which we dare not pass. Such inconsistency may well result in a dangerous confusion.

This is not meant to condone rape, but merely to point out that a stable share of the responsibility for such crimes must rest with a nation in which balloon brassières are the fashion, and girls like Dagmar and Jane Russell can command a larger salary than the nation's President . . .

ROBERT A. LUNDEGAARD

Bethesda, Md.

#### Advice from Abroad

Sir:

I read with no little amusement the fuss stirred up in Newmarket (England) by Mrs. Stocker [Time, Sept. 31, Mrs. Stocker is still young—by all standards. You Americans are sometimes perturbed by the growing "anti-Americanism" now to be seen throughout the world . . . What is the cause of all this? It's all so very simple . . .

Until 1939, we were a world power, almost THE world power, and it was always good politics to twist the lion's tail. It raised a laugh all the way from Capitol Hill to Cairo and Teheran. We, in England, could never understand the ingratitude of other people whom we had helped (for their own benefit of course—and our profit), but we were rich enough to shrug our shoulders and let the matter pass. Now there is little fun in twisting the poor lion's tail. Instead, a new game has been invented. Uncle Sam has a nose. If that nose gets twiggled, its owner lets out a yell. What fun. That is a sign of greatness, power and wealth.

Long may this last, for our benefit, for the benefit of the fellow round the corner and for your benefit and to the discomfort of the fellows in the Kremlin. You have got just one more lesson to learn from this old country of ours. Take the nose-twiggling gracefully. It's a sign of envy, and when we cease to be so-called "anti-American" it will be a sign that you have lost your vigorous health and ability to lead and be great . . .

ERNEST J. BOURNE  
London, England

Sir:

John Stocker sounds like a spoiled, irresponsible brat, and it might be a good idea to send her home . . .

EDWARD L. ALLISON  
Tulsa, Okla.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 24, 1951

# How many pounds are sirloin steak?

250 lbs.

150 lbs.

50 lbs.



Sirloin on a plate comes as thick as you want it and as big as your appetite (or your pocketbook).

Sirloin on a steer comes surrounded by hamburger, chuck, stewing beef and a lot of other cuts. The meat packer has to buy them all. And sell them all, too.

The part that is sirloin figures out like this: From a 1000-pound steer, you subtract 400 pounds of hides, hoofs, inedible fats, etc. That leaves 600 pounds of "eatin'

meat." But only 8% of this, or around 50 pounds, is sirloin.

That's why you pay more for sirloin than for most other cuts. The price of each cut, you see, is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping." They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice sets the values.

**AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE**

*Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

# *She blamed overwork for her never suspecting*

The doctor's check-up  
and his prompt treatment

Pernicious anemia is a disease that prevents the normal formation of red blood cells.

It seems strange that commonplace things like loss of appetite, listlessness and pallor could be symptoms of this hidden disease. Yet if such conditions continue they are often the first signs in a patient that something is wrong, the first signs that lead the doctor to suspect pernicious anemia.

Other symptoms that point to pernicious anemia are also deceptively mild. Often there's just a numbness or tingling in the hands or feet, occasional dizziness, a sore tongue.

If danger signs of this sort have bothered you persistently, you should have a thorough examination by your doctor. He

alone is qualified to tell you whether your symptoms indicate pernicious anemia or some other illness. For many years practically nothing was known about pernicious anemia and in most cases it was ultimately fatal. Today, many patients suffering from this disease—even in its advanced stages—can be brought back to a normal condition in a remarkably short time.

#### **Face the facts**

When you have warning symptoms, don't ignore them. If you refuse to face unpleasant facts you succeed in fooling only yourself. And don't try to treat yourself—it will cost you less in the long run to see your doctor.





*pale, worn look*

*a hidden disease*

### found the cause

returned her to good health

The recent discovery and development of new drugs have given the physician a new outlook on the treatment of pernicious anemia. Doctors have found that liver preparations and Vitamin B<sub>12</sub> bring rapid and definite improvement in pernicious anemia patients. Formerly, people would have suffered an insidious and fatal decline from this obstinate disease. Today, victims of pernicious anemia can be free of all distress.

#### **Put your mind at ease**

Let your doctor look you over, make tests if necessary, tell you what to do to keep well and fit. He can put your mind at ease, correct body disorders—IF you will let him.

#### **Let the doctor decide**

Medicine's amazing recent discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs are at your doctor's command.

Armour is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. Vitamin B<sub>12</sub>, which has proved very effective in treating pernicious anemia, is only one of a long list of Armour pharmaceuticals developed during the past half century.

Vitamin B<sub>12</sub> is available to you through your doctor's prescription. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let him decide. See your doctor regularly.

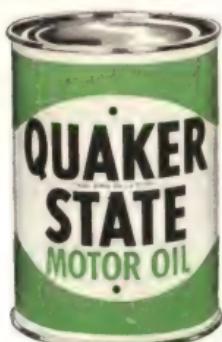
# The Armour Laboratories

Sole producer of ACTHAR (A. C. T. H.—Armour). Since 1885, pioneer manufacturer of sutures and pharmaceuticals prescribed by the medical profession—notably THYROID, INSULIN, LIVER PREPARATIONS, and PITUITARY HORMONE PRODUCTS.



On the highways of North Carolina as...

*In every state  
it's Quaker State  
for quality!*



ALL OVER AMERICA . . . all year-round . . . millions of car owners repeatedly buy Quaker State Motor Oil. Apparently they believe, as we do, that there's no finer motor oil produced anywhere in the world. You try it! If the manufacturer of your car recommends Heavy Duty Oil with detergency, ask for Quaker State HD Oil.

4¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax  
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association  
Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

### Dear Time-Reader

As part of a continuing program to get to know young men training for journalism and to help them learn about us, a traveling classroom is now being prepared which will show

what kind of magazine TIME is and what it stands for, against the background of the history of American journalism. This chance to know our

operations more intimately will be offered to some 10,000 students in schools and departments of journalism at 70 or more universities and colleges.

In a trial run of the project this summer, a former TIME writer, Allan B. Ecker, 30, lectured on the news-magazine at 15 schools of journalism.

His 4½ years with TIME had included periods as writer in the Education and Press sections. He discussed the special techniques of our type of magazine, its feeling about news, and about the background of news, truth and legend which has marked its relatively short history.

Ecker brought back from his summer tour a report of avid interest in what he had to say about the practices and philosophy of newsgathering at every campus he visited. Questions were searching and analytical, and the students seemed to be seeking practical answers to what is new in journalism and why it is better or worse than what it has replaced. They weren't interested in drafting lofty codes of a New Journalism.

At every session, TIME was the subject of huge curiosity, as well as the object of admiration and some tough criticism.

(A WAVE at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center wanted to know how TIME reports the news of Russia, one of the world's biggest areas, without a Moscow correspondent. Answer: the best way we can, with our Russian Desk reading the lines and between the lines of Russian periodicals, with diplomatic contacts in our Washington bureau and abroad, and with trickles of information which seep through the Iron Curtain.)

TIME's covers aroused as much interest as anything else, with most criticism coming from those who thought

(erroneously) that the editors necessarily confer an honor when they select a cover subject. They objected to such covers as Stalin, Costello and Eugene Dennis. Cover subjects are not picked by popularity contests, they were told, but by careful evaluation of their influence on the news, good or bad.

Students expressed amazement at the voluminous files of research contrasted with the brevity of stories as they appeared in print. After reading 29 pages on the Cicero race riot story, whittled to 3½ columns in the magazine, a University of Nebraska student said: "All this is so interesting—why didn't you use the whole thing?" Ecker likened the TIME story to an iceberg, with the small portion seen on the surface supported by the great bulk underneath. With a whole world to cover each week, TIME would quickly overburden its readers by reporting every detail of every story.

Amazed at the fistful of crumpled pages which represented one writer's false starts on a cover story, salvaged from a wastebasket, Syracuse University's Dean of Journalism counted them carefully. There were 138.

These students can bring many important qualities to their profession as they move into the practice of journalism.

Largely upon this new blood depends the development of continually higher standards of news coverage everywhere. Significantly, a great many plan to work in their home states—in small towns and rural areas where their training can be put immediately to good use.

This year's crop seems to have a real awareness of "the geography of news," springing partly from war-born familiarity with distant places, partly from the presence of foreign exchange students. This consciousness that "news is where it happens" can bring a sense of balance and perspective to U.S. journalism—which too often in the past has focused too much on the big cities and the world's glamor spots.

Cordially yours,  
*James A. Linn*



ALLAN B. ECKER  
Top of an iceberg



**FOR SURE, SMOOTH STOPS** you can't beat Mercury's super-safety brakes. And when the time comes to move, you move fast. Mercury's got the pickup you want—extra power waiting for the touch of your toe.

# Road Signs WILL "TELL" YOU!



**ON THE HILLS** you'll discover just-right power to take you up and over. Mercury's V-type, 8-cylinder engine has been test-track proved... on grades steeper than you're apt to find on the road. Yes, Mercury's got the performance you've been waiting for.

## 1. ROAD TEST A MERCURY FOR PROOF OF PERFORMANCE!



**AROUND THE CURVES** you'll know the new kind of sweet, hold-the-road driving you get from Mercury—with its big staunch frame, oversize balloon tires, better spring suspension, finger-tip steering—its low-slung balance. Make the Mercury road test today!

standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated are subject to change without notice.

# Dollar Signs WILL "SELL" YOU !

## 2. BUDGET TEST A MERCURY FOR PROOF OF VALUE!

**3-WAY CHOICE!** For "the drive of your life!" Mercury offers you a triple choice in dependable transmissions. Merc-O-Matic Drive, the new simpler, smoother, more efficient automatic transmission—or thrifty Touch-O-Matic Overdrive are optional at extra cost. There's also silent-ease standard transmission.

IT'S  
**MERCURY**

FOR THE BUY OF YOUR LIFE !"

- Does it have a down-to-earth first price?** Mercury's price tag you can understand—a big dollar's worth for every dollar invested.
- Will you be sure of good gasoline mileage?** Mercury has proved its more-miles-per-gallon by winning officially sponsored economy tests.
- Will upkeep stay low?** You save money year after year. Mercury's famous stamina keeps repair bills at a rock-bottom low.
- Is it famous for long life?** It is indeed! 92% of all Mercurys ever built for use in the U.S. are still on the road, according to latest, annual official registration figures.
- Will trade-in value stay high?** Mercurys keep their value; used-car market reports consistently prove it.
- Does it represent solid value?** Mercury owners say YES! So will you when you get the story from your Mercury dealer. See him soon.

MERCURY DIVISION—FORD MOTOR COMPANY



*How to make*  
**A SHORT HOP**  
*out of a long drive!*



American's "Rent-A-Car" service saves bucking jammed highways—provides a personal car at your destination

Now BUSINESSMEN can avoid tedious hours fighting traffic on today's clogged highways, thanks to the cooperation of American Airlines and the well-known Hertz and Avis car rental organizations. Flagship travel itself will make a short hop out of any long drive. And, at the very same time that you make your Flagship reservation, you can arrange to have a car waiting for you to drive at any airport on our routes so that you can make local calls whenever and wherever you wish.

American's "Rent A Car" service is as easy to use as it is convenient. Just contact any American Airlines ticket or reservation office and we'll handle all the details.

*America's Leading Airline* **AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.**





#### HOW Radio-Relay WORKS

The microwaves used for telephone transmission travel in a straight line. So relay towers, like those shown, are usually built on hilltops, averaging about 30 miles apart. Each tower picks up microwaves from its neighbor, and with complex electronic equipment amplifies and focuses them like a searchlight, then beams them accurately at the next tower. And hundreds of Long Distance telephone calls ride the beam at the same time.

## New skyway spans nation with words and pictures

### BELL SYSTEM *Radio Relay* BUILT FOR LONG DISTANCE CALLS AND TELEVISION

There's something new on the national horizon! Bell Telephone construction crews have completed the last link in a coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system that is unique in all the world. Today, communications ride on radio microwaves, flashed through the air from tower to tower.

It was an historic event in 1915, when wires first carried the human voice across three thousand miles of mountains and prairie. By 1942, telephone messages

were carried across the United States by another means — cable, both underground and overhead. And now comes *Radio-Relay* to supplement wire and cable!

The new system is already in use for Long Distance telephone service and coast-to-coast television. This new skyway helps make America's vast communications network even stronger and more flexible. And it could hardly happen at a better time. The demands of defense are heavy and urgent.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### The Other Bastion

At San Francisco, the free world had buttressed its bastion in the Pacific. Last week the Big Three's Foreign Ministers looked to their Atlantic defenses. Under the impetus of a new sense of solidarity, they swiftly reached tentative decisions as far-reaching as those made in San Francisco.

Flying back from the West Coast together, France's Robert Schuman, Britain's Herbert Morrison, and the U.S.'s Dean Acheson began their conversations in the noisy intimacy of an Air Force plane. The discussion continued around a long elliptical table on the top floor of the State Department Annex, a block from the White House.

**Agreement on Germany.** The chief problem, long deferred, was how to establish Western Germany as a contributing partner to the West's defense without re-creating the threat of German militarism. By week's end, the following points were agreed:

¶ German units will be integrated into a "European Defense Community" under General Eisenhower's SHAPE command. There will be no German general staff or separate German army.

¶ The occupation, as such, will end. The three occupying powers will negotiate new terms looking toward "integration of the Federal Republic on a basis of equality within a European community itself included in a developing Atlantic community."

¶ A "peace contract" (not a treaty) will be signed with Germany if the Bonn government agrees to contribute troops to the European army and to share the Ruhr's coal and steel under the Schuman plan.

The peace contract would go far toward restoring to the Germans full rights over their own affairs.

There would be certain safeguards. The Allies will retain the rights 1) to station troops in Germany, though these would become defense forces instead of occupying troops; 2) to settle all questions about Germany's frontiers, precluding any attempt by Germany to make separate deals with Russia or a bargain with Poland on Silesia; 3) to govern West Berlin; 4) to intervene if the Bonn government is threatened by either fascist or Communist uprisings; 5) to approve basic changes in foreign policy or trade policies (e.g., no deals to ship steel to Russia would be allowed).



SCHUMAN, ACHESON & MORRISON  
New ramparts, new solidarity.

A. S. STONE

It was on France's proposals and concessions that agreement turned. Schuman won his argument for the Eleven plan of integrating German troops into a supranational European army. But, at Acheson's urging, he agreed to allow German troops to be called up by the Bonn government and trained by the U.S. before the European army was fully set up. Morrison abandoned Britain's opposition to the Schuman plan of international control of the Ruhr. But he got Schuman to concede that Britain need not be a full partner, promising only "the closest possible association."

**Off to Ottawa.** There was no argument on other points. The ministers agreed to try once more to negotiate a

peace treaty for Austria. They noted "contradictions" in the treaty with Italy—notably the limits on its armed forces. And in a gesture toward Soviet Russia, they reiterated their "fidelity" to the principle that "international differences must be resolved by peaceful processes," declared that they hoped to explore such processes at the meeting of the U.N. Assembly in Paris in November.

At week's end, the three ministers took off for Ottawa for the first full-dress meeting of the North Atlantic Council since last December. There, the U.S. pressed ahead with construction of another rampart in the West's defense: the inclusion of Greece and Turkey in NATO.

### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### The General Retires

In answer to an unusual mid-morning summons, 17 reporters trotted upstairs from the Pentagon pressroom to the Secretary of Defense's third-floor office. They found George Catlett Marshall, trim in a blue-grey double-breasted suit and dark tie, smiling genially. He waved them to seats, crossed one leg over the other, and he broke his well-kept secret: "My resignation as Secretary of Defense takes effect at 11 a.m."

It was a year to the day since Harry Truman had booted Louis Johnson out of the Pentagon and summoned Marshall

#### U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 596 more U.S. battle casualties in Korea (including 101 killed in action), bringing total U.S. battle casualties to 80,996. The breakdown:

DEAD . . . . .	13,822
WOUNDED . . . . .	56,353
MISSING . . . . .	10,652
CAPTURED . . . . .	169

Total casualties by services: Army, 66,112; Marine Corps, 13,215; Navy, 944; Air Force, 725.

from retirement for the third time (the other two: in 1945, to head the ill-fated mission to China; in 1947, to be Secretary of State). Marshall had agreed to take the defense job only until June 30, "unless in the event of a full-out war," he told the reporters. But at midsummer it would have been a "very bad business for me to drop out" because of "the state of legislation on the Hill." Now, at 70—after 50 years of public life since his commissioning as a second lieutenant—he was retiring to his Leesburg, Va., home "for very personal reasons." His successor was his long-time associate, Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert Abercrombie Lovett—"Nobody else in the United States will have his understanding and competence."

There would be no memoir postscripts to the Marshall career. The general told friends some months ago that he had turned down an offer of "about a million dollars" to write the story of his life. "I wouldn't take it because the only thing I'd be able to add to the record would be personalities, and I don't want to do that. Yet I get criticized for not writing a book. I'm probably the only man in the country who ever got criticized for turning down a million dollars."

### The General's Successor

The Senate took exactly four minutes to confirm Robert Abercrombie Lovett as the new Secretary of Defense; it happened to be on Lovett's 56th birthday. There was only one hitch. North Dakota's isolated Bill Langer wanted to know whether this was the Robert Morss Lovett who had been investigated by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1943.\* Assured that it was not, Langer made the vote unanimous.

Over the last eleven years, Defense's Bob Lovett has held down three important top policy-making jobs, just a short taxi ride across Washington from Capitol Hill. But Lovett, a tall, slender man with the poise and features of a balding Caesar, has nimbly sidestepped the publicity that might have made his name known even to Bill Langer. In a time of crisis, he is well content to work in the shadow of greater names.

**Diplomatic Save.** Lovett was one of many Wall Streeters (foremost: James Forrestal) who did outstanding work for Franklin Roosevelt during World War II. Wise old Henry Stimson, F.D.R.'s Republican Secretary of War, drafted Lovett as Assistant Secretary of War for Air in 1941. The smooth-working, selfless Stimson team, which included Lovett and Chief

of Staff George Marshall, became a legend of administrative efficiency and warm mutual loyalty.

In Washington, Air Secretary Lovett took one look at U.S. defense nakedness, another at the tremendous lesson of Nazi air victories in Europe, and fought a campaign to get top priorities for a big U.S. bomber fleet. Then, holding down impulsive Air Chief "Hap" Arnold with a gentle hand, he skillfully got the air corps raised to the status of a semi-independent air force.

When General Marshall was named Secretary of State in 1947, he urged Lovett to come back from Wall Street to be his Under Secretary. Although Lovett was still recuperating from a serious operation, he came, commenting: "There are only

night glide-bombing attacks, made a careful study of dive-bombing tactics which amazed his friends and delighted the Navy brass. The unit's historian summed up Lieut. Lovett in three words: "Observation, reflection, deduction—and there you were!"

**"Let's Get Out of the Trap."** After the war he tried a year of law at Harvard, then switched to business administration. In 1950 he married Adele Brown, the daughter of Manhattan Financier James Brown. Father-in-law Brown gave Lovett the up-from-messenger treatment in Brown Brothers (later Brown Brothers-Harriman & Co.), finally made him a full partner and sent him abroad to survey the world with a banker's cool eye. In the 1930s, the eye spotted trouble in Germany, and Lovett warned the firm to get its investments out. In early 1940, from Switzerland, he wrote a penetrating report of the phony war, and accurately predicted the fall of France.

A man with a long history of stomach trouble, Republican Bob Lovett has saved himself from total frustration in Democratic Washington by exercising a deft sense of humor. (Once, after a long pounding by a congressional committee, he told a friend: "It was like getting a shave and having your appendix out at the same time.") He likes movies, painting and jive, detests physical exercise, and reads everything from Thomas Mann to whom-dunits.

To his new job Bob Lovett brings a thoroughgoing realism much like that of his good friend and predecessor, Jim Forrestal. "This is a severe emergency," said he a year ago. "This is perhaps the last clear chance to get ourselves in shape for the unknown future. . . . We tried peace through weakness for generations, with no profit in it, and it seems to me as a matter of conviction that peace through strength might be an enlightening experience."

Or, as he likes to say privately, "To hell with the cheese. Let's get out of the trap."

For his Deputy Secretary of Defense, Lovett picked ECA Administrator William C. Foster, 54, one of the ablest desk men in Washington. Foster's deputy, Economist Richard Bissell, moved up to be acting boss of ECA, which will probably shrink to a shadow of its former self under congressional insistence that military aid to Europe is a substitute for (not an addition to) economic aid.

### Moment of Triumph

The halls of Congress resounded last week with a strange and unfamiliar sound: praise of Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Some of his sharpest Republican critics led the chorus. "The job which Secretary Acheson did in presiding over the conference was outstanding," said California's William Knowland, who watched the San Francisco conference on the Japanese Treaty as an observer. "Commandable and brilliant," added New Jersey's H. (for Howard) Alexander Smith, an ex-



Forpress—Europe  
DEFENSE SECRETARY LOVETT  
"To hell with the cheese."

three people to whom I can never say no—my wife, Henry Stimson and George Catlett Marshall." Halt the time Lovett ran the department while Marshall was away in Europe. In 1948 Lovett was quick to see the implications of the Russian blockade of Berlin, strongly backed the Berlin airlift as a counter-challenge. A few months later he saved Harry Truman from a major diplomatic blunder. The President was all ready to go on the air and announce that he was sending Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow to reason with Stalin. Lovett heard about the plan, telephoned General Marshall in Paris, and confronted Truman with a joint ultimatum that both of them would resign if the plan went through.

Bob Lovett was born in Texas, the son of Robert Scott Lovett, general counsel and then president of Union Pacific. Young Bob left Yale (Phi Beta Kappa, Skull & Bones) during his third year to go overseas with the Yale Unit in the naval air force. In France he flew the lumbering British Handley Pages on some of the first

\* As uninformed as Senator Langer, Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* ran a picture of Robert Morss Lovett, old war horse of U.S. native radicalism, as "Lovett, Wall Street Banker." Robert Morss Lovett taught writing and English literature at the University of Chicago for 45 years; was an editor of the *New Republic* for 19. In 1939, Franklin Roosevelt appointed him government secretary of the Virgin Islands. In 1943 (after the Dies hearings), Congress cut off his pay. The U.S. Court of Claims two years later restored it.

perienced adder. Even Ohio's Robert Taft conceded that Acheson had done a "very good job."

Harry Truman was turkey-proud. This shows. Truman told reporters triumphantly, that "he's a lot smarter than any of these guys who have been attacking him." At his press conference, Truman squelched a rumor that Acheson was about to resign in his moment of triumph: "As long as I am President of the United States, he is going to be Secretary of State," said Harry Truman flatly.

**III-Matched Team.** The Secretary's new popularity and the President's jubilation drew renewed attention to that loyal and ill-matched team, Truman and Acheson. The President has no long background in foreign affairs, is fascinated by Acheson's wide knowledge and his quick lawyer's ability to organize facts into telling arguments. Whenever Acheson has taken part in closed international conferences, U.S. and foreign observers have described his performance with the same word that Republican Smith used: "Brilliant." At San Francisco, all the world could see and admire the Acheson competence in a conference room.

This competence, however, was almost irrelevant to the main charge against the Administration's foreign policy: that in instance after instance it failed to find the right direction for the U.S. or, when it did, to move vigorously in that direction.

Some samples:

1) Initiative on the Japanese Treaty came not from the Truman-Acheson team but from General MacArthur and John Foster Dulles.

2) Last fall and winter the U.S. failed to take a strong line with the British over Iran, made no really vigorous effort to prevent the calamity until it happened.

3) Last September Acheson was his usual brilliant self at the Waldorf conference of Foreign Ministers, which bogged down over French objections to the U.S. plan for rearming Germany. If the U.S. Government had known its own mind, the U.S. could have broken down the French objections, or given way, or compromised. It did nothing until last week (*see above*). Meanwhile a precious year was lost.

4) Truman-Acheson still have not developed a policy to meet the threat of a China gone Communist.

Acheson would probably be one of the great U.S. Secretaries of State if he happened to work for a President who knew what he wanted. Truman would probably be happy to go along with a far-seeing Secretary of State able to take the initiative in high policy. As it is, neither man gets from the other what he needs.

**To Prevent Fumbles.** The new (and deserved) recognition of Acheson's "brilliance" would not end distrust of U.S. foreign policy in the nation or the Congress. Last week Senator Knowland had little trouble rounding up 56 Senators (including 17 Democrats) who signed a letter to Truman declaring their fixed opposition to recognition or a U.N. seat for Red China. In a pointed warning, they declared that



The reasons were almost irrelevant.

they would consider any move of Japan's to recognize or to negotiate a trade agreement with Red China "adverse to the best interests of the people of both Japan and the U.S."

Knowland urged quick ratification of the Japanese Treaty. "Now that we have the diplomatic ball, we should continue to hold it and not fumble it," said Knowland.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Three Shifts

In a long-expected move, the U.S. changed three diplomatic faces last week:

1) Dr. Henry Grady, 69, U.S. Ambassador to Iran since June 1950, to retire. Grady went to Iran with the understanding that the State Department would give him \$250 million to spend on economic aid—a technique of diplomacy Grady had mastered as Ambassador to Greece from 1948 to 1950. The promises finally dwindled to a proffered \$25 million loan from the

Export-Import Bank. As the situation ran toward disaster, Grady lumbered persistently between the stiff-necked British and the sagging iron cot of Iran's Premier Mossadeq. "He loves me," said Grady. To all who would listen, he complained that Washington had let him down. The Harriman mission was the final affront which Harriman compounded by refusing to let him see cables from Washington on the ground that they were "too secret."

2) Loy Henderson, 59, Ambassador to India since 1948, to replace Grady in Iran. One of State's ablest career diplomats, Henderson was the best the U.S. could find for the all-but-impossible job in Iran, where the Communists are reaching for the spoils of disaster. As director of the Office of Near Eastern and African Affairs, Henderson watched Iran with U.N. and U.S. help, weather the crisis in 1946, when the Red Army finally got out of the northern part of the country.

3) To replace Henderson in India, President Harry Truman nominated Chester Bowles, ex-partner in the advertising firm of Benton & Bowles, wartime OPA administrator, ex-Governor of Connecticut. Left-wing Democrats have long argued that U.S.-Indian relations suffer because the U.S. does not show India its liberal face. If there is any merit in this argument, Liberal Bowles should be able to improve matters. The chief obstacle to U.S.-Indian friendship is Prime Minister Nehru's attitude of publicly distrusting the motives of all governments except his own. Neither Bowles nor any other U.S. ambassador could be expected to fix that.

## REPUBLICANS

### A Question of Timing

Tom Dewey went to Washington last week. Officially, he was responding to an invitation from Harry Truman to report on his trip through the Far East. After Dewey's car had made two wrong turns finding the entrance, he entered the White House for the second time in his life, spent 40 minutes with the President, and pronounced it "a very pleasant talk."

His statesman's chore done, it became obvious that Tom Dewey was also on urgent political business. He rushed up to Capitol Hill, got a quick lunch and a round of political handshakes, then headed for the office of Pennsylvania's Senator James Duff. In the 1948 Republican Convention, Jim Duff had declared bitterly that he was "for anybody but Dewey." But now the two had one thing in common: they both liked Ike.

**A Genuine Draft?** To Duff's office came other Ike men: Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, New York's Irving Ives, Kansas' Frank Carlson, Pennsylvania's Representative Hugh Scott had just returned from Europe and a talk with Eisenhower, and they discussed his news.

As Scott reported it, the conversation had gone like this: he had told Eisen-



AMBASSADOR HENDERSON  
The job was almost impossible.

\* The first time, for Franklin Roosevelt's funeral, in 1945.

hower, "We are acting without any thought of patronage or reward. . . . But we are up against the boys in the political engine room [who] are offering all kinds of patronage, from postmasterships to U.S. attorneys' posts to all and sundry who will back their man." All Scott asked on behalf of Eisenhower supporters was "an assurance that the rug won't be pulled out from under their activities by any contrary statement from overseas."

Eisenhower replied indirectly, according to Scott. He said: "I'm engaged in a terribly important job to myself and the free world. I took that job at considerable personal risk. If there are people at home who feel that a cause is worth pursuing, then they ought to be willing to accept whatever risk is incident to making that fight for that cause." Eisenhower, said Scott, indicated a newspaper article on his desk which speculated that Ike would feel impelled to accept the nomination if a genuine move to draft Ike developed. That article reflected his position, he told Scott.

**"We're All For Him."** The conferees knew well that genuine political drafts are not created without heat. They decided that it was time to warm up the campaign. Too many Ike supporters were nervously eyeing the Taft bandwagon, well filled with professionals who have a lot of delegates and a yearning for a "real" Republican who will put on an all-out campaign without "me-tooing" the Fair Deal. Ike supporters needed reassurance, and with Scott's news, Dewey & Co. decided they could be given reassurance. Emerging from Duff's office, Tom Dewey publicly planted himself before the waiting reporters, in the role of chief Ike-booster. Had the talk been about Ike? Dewey admitted freely that it had. "We are all for him," said Dewey. What if Ike was too busy to run? "We don't contemplate such possibilities," said Dewey firmly. Jim Duff added a vigorous agreement: "What the hell do you think I'm doing? Wasting my time?"

Next day Dewey saw Scott for a long talk, then flew back to New York. Clearly, the campaign for Ike was beginning to roll, and Dewey was pushing it hard.

In Kansas City, Harry Darby, Kansas G.O.P. national committeeman and ex-Senator, heard the news of these proceedings with profound alarm. Darby has heretofore been considered the master Ike strategist, and he thought that the time to start an open campaign for Ike would be next March or April. He suspected that Dewey was trying to take over, thought Dewey's unpopularity with many party professionals would only harm Ike. This week Darby hustled to Washington to try to slow things down, and incidentally, to chase Tom Dewey to the sidelines.

## THE CONGRESS

### A Senator Screams

"It is in a spirit of awe and fright that I rise to make a few remarks," said Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas, and grimly tackled the \$61 billion defense appropria-

tion. Since the bill would "turn over one-fifth of our national economy to the military," he thought it deserved a thorough scrutiny on the Senate floor.

Conscientious Democrat Douglas, who drives himself beyond the capacity of most men and the inclination of most Senators, had spent several months looking for soft spots in the bill. The Douglas finger jabbed at old military featherbeds. He wanted to save \$50 to \$100 million by cutting off flight pay of Air Force officers who did not fly. He proposed to reduce the ratio between combat men and supporting personnel. He suggested that the Navy did not need 95 new luxury planes, costing \$215 million, for VIPs. In all, he claimed, his cautious cuts would total nearly \$1 billion.

**"How Difficult It Is."** Instantly Wyoming's Joseph O'Mahoney was on his feet. As chairman of the Appropriations sub-

committee which had pored over the bill for two weeks, he would be the first to agree that there might be waste, said O'Mahoney unctuously. "But I should not like to have any person reading the *Congressional Record* tomorrow morning gather from what my friend from Illinois has said that the men in uniform . . . are willfully making more mistakes than those which are made by all human beings."

"The Senator from Wyoming has just shown how difficult it is," said Douglas ruefully. "Every time we offer suggestions as to how money could be saved . . . then the implication is made that we are somehow attacking the character or patriotism of men in the departments."

O'Mahoney: "My purpose . . . is to make clear that he was not intending to attack the patriotism or devotion of these men in uniform."

Douglas: "I did not intend that . . ."

O'Mahoney interrupted: "If the Sena-

tor will permit me." Douglas spread his hands in frustration, then dropped his head on his folded arms as O'Mahoney droned on: "If I were to keep silent, I can imagine the words of the Senator from Illinois being read tomorrow morning and by some representative of Tass, being broadcast behind the Iron Curtain misinterpreting his meaning to indicate a lack of faith among American members of Congress in the men who work, who fight, and who die for them."

Douglas jumped up, clapped his hands to his head, and let out a high-pitched scream of wordless exasperation. He stumbled down the aisle as O'Mahoney, pinching in hand, watched open-mouthed. Outside, Douglas flopped down on a couch, tears spilling down his cheeks. Someone put a cold towel on his head. Half an hour later, he was back in his seat.

**"This Is So Huge."** Most Senators could sympathize. Many of them would like to cut the bill too, but lacked the nerve or the knowledge. As Douglas had pointed out, "the average tendency is to say, 'Oh, this is so huge. We cannot cope with it. We will trust the Department of Defense and we will trust our committee, which is a noble committee. I cannot do anything. I will stay in my office and write letters!'"

At week's end, in ignorance or trepidation, the Senate voted down nearly all the amendments Douglas had labored so carefully to devise, and took an easier course. It voted a straight 2½% cut, proposed by New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith, which would save \$1,525,000,000. This kind of economy took no study whatever, and was in effect an abdication of congressional responsibility for spending public funds. It left to the Secretary of Defense the problem of finding where the money could be saved. With a thumping vote of 79 to 0, the Senate stamped its approval on the final \$59,500,000 appropriation, and sent it to conference.

In the dark era of secret weapons, chronic war and multibillion-dollar budgetary, this was the way the U.S. Congress worked. Perhaps it was the only way it could work if more Senators were not to run screaming from the floor.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### A Great Week for Legality

To make money out of politics is not necessarily illegal. Last week's news brought some fascinating examples of the fine legalistic-feathers that sometimes protect fat political birds.

**A Diary.** In Washington, an old (69) man, John Ernest Toole, told an investigating Senate subcommittee that in 1944 he was chief loan analyst for the old Small War Plants Corp. One of his last official acts was approval of a \$1,671,000 loan to the American Lithofold Corp. of St. Louis. Immediately afterward, he became Lithofold's treasurer. Nothing illegal about that. Besides, no one was questioning Toole's integrity. The committee was interested in what he remembered about American



SENATOR DOUGLAS  
The easy way won, 79 to 0.

committee which had pored over the bill for twelve weeks, he would be the first to agree that there might be waste, said O'Mahoney unctuously. "But I should not like to have any person reading the *Congressional Record* tomorrow morning gather from what my friend from Illinois has said that the men in uniform . . . are willfully making more mistakes than those which are made by all human beings."

"The Senator from Wyoming has just shown how difficult it is," said Douglas ruefully. "Every time we offer suggestions as to how money could be saved . . . then the implication is made that we are somehow attacking the character or patriotism of men in the departments."

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Douglas: "I did not intend that . . ."

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Lithofold's subsequent loan dealings with the Government.

In 1948 and 1949, with its president and his family drawing \$200,000 in salaries, with some salesmen earning more than \$100,000 in commissions, American Lithofold was losing money. Twice it applied for an RFC loan. Twice it was refused. Refreshing his memory from a voluminous diary, Toole gave an account of his company's negotiations. Company officials held a council of war in Washington. President was James P. Finnegan, then Federal Collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis. No one had told Toole that Finnegan was on the corporation's payroll. At the time, Toole could only wonder why a federal official from St. Louis was attending a company conference in Washington, and why Finnegan later handed Lithofold an \$800 expense account (for a short trip). (A grand jury is now trying to determine whether there was anything illegal in this and other acts of Finnegan.)

**Successful Phone Call.** Someone at the conference—Toole couldn't remember who—mentioned the magic name of Bill Boyle, now chairman of the Democratic National Committee. The American Lithofold people went to Boyle's Washington office. Boyle called Harley Hise, then RFC chairman, and said, "Harley, I have some friends in the office here of Jim Finnegan's. I would like for you to arrange to see them this afternoon if possible in connection with a loan." Toole recorded in his diary that, three days after this phone call, the loan application reached a "strange, strenuous and . . . satisfactory solution": Lithofold received the first of three loans that were to reach a total of \$645,000.

The committee asked Toole if he still worked for Lithofold. He replied ruefully that he did not know. "Have any of you gentlemen ever kept a diary?" he asked. "I'll never keep one again."

Meanwhile, before another Senate committee, Bill Boyle was busy throwing dust. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine asked him why he permitted E. Merl (mink coat) Young to work for him when he was an official of the 1948 Democratic campaign. "There must be some confusion," Boyle replied. "I was a volunteer worker in the 1948 campaign . . . I held no title . . . or office . . . I've certainly striven to conduct myself as my mother would want me."

Boyle says that he was a "mere volunteer" for Truman, when in fact, he ran Truman's campaign. His defense in the Lithofold case (like his reply to Senator Smith) is based on the assumption that he cannot be held (legally) accountable for using his influence on behalf of his clients before April 20, 1949, when he became a paid official of the Democratic Party. Boyle tries to make the case turn on whether he was paid by the party when his political influence was used for Lithofold. The point is he was paid by Lithofold.

**A Vice President.** In New York last week, a third group of investigating Congressmen found another example of how

to make money out of politics, and, incidentally, learned more about American Lithofold. While he was chief of the city's Federal Alcohol Tax Unit, James B. E. Olson apparently found time to earn up to \$6,000 as a vice president for the energetic St. Louis printing firm. The committee noted that New York liquor concerns whose taxes were collected by Olson gave their label-printing contracts to Lithofold.

Quite a week for legality. Not so good a week for honor and decency in public life.

## RADICALS

### The Ninth Commandment

Corliss Lamont, son of Morgan Partner Thomas Lamont, has a long record as a Soviet apologist, and a sponsor for Communist fronts, including a term as chairman of the National Council of Soviet-American Friendship. In its investigation



CHAIRMAN BOYLE  
Mamma's boy?

of the Institute of Pacific Relations, Senator Pat McCarran's subcommittee has made great play with Lamont's name as an Institute member.

Last week, in a letter to McCarran, Corliss Lamont, now a lecturer in philosophy at Columbia University, made some sharp points. Lamont protested that the subcommittee "has tried to give the totally false impression that I am a Far Eastern expert and have been a prime mover in the affairs of the Institute . . . But in fact I have never been particularly interested in the Far East and have for only a few years been a member of the Institute, and a very inactive one at that."

However, my late father, Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co., did have considerable knowledge of the Far East and visited both Japan and China. For more than twenty years he participated actively in the work of the Institute of Pacific Relations and contributed gener-

ously to it . . . On the other hand, I did not start contributions to the Institute until 1946. From that year until the present I made six donations totaling \$800, or about one-eighteenth of the total of my father's gifts. Yet your subcommittee and its investigators have never once mentioned my Republican father's long and deep interest in the Institute. Instead, this subcommittee has stressed my own slight and brief association with the Institute, obviously as part of its effort to paint [the institute] as Red by concealing the fact that leading bankers and conservatives have been among its chief backers."

Lamont pointed out that he differed from Communists in supporting free speech for all (including Trotskyites), that he supported Tito, that he condemned Communist aggression in Korea. Said Lamont: "It seems to me that your subcommittee is constantly encouraging the violation of the Ninth Commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'"

As for himself, wrote Lamont, "I am a radical American dissenter carrying on as best I can the dissenting tradition of my ancestors who came over in the *Mayflower*."

McCarran's committee had other and solider evidence against some staff members of I.P.R. It had hurt its case by exaggerating Corliss Lamont's influence on the Institute.

## COLORADO

### Unscheduled Performance

The Lions Club of Flagler, Colo. (pop. 750) last week put on the first air show in the town's history. A thousand farmers, small-town businessmen, their wives and children turned out. It was great weather for flying.

Promptly at 2 p.m., Fred Ruble of Denver began a soaring demonstration in his sail plane and drew gasps of delight and awe. Just after he landed, the crowd heard the snarl of a plane coming in fast and low. It was 1st Lieut. Norman L. Jones of Denver, an experienced Air Force pilot, arriving in a low-wing monoplane. He was late. All pilots had been instructed to report by 2 for final briefing on safety. He zoomed the plane over the field at a 45° angle, just 200 feet off the ground, trailing smoke from the skywriting generator. The show's sponsors frowned. Jones was violating two rules: flying under 500 feet and stuntng near the spectators.

The plane hurtled above the crowd upside down, started to roll over and upward. Then with an eerie roar it ripped downward, crushed spectators, smashed six cars, including an ambulance. In an instant, the happy crowd was turned into a panic-stricken, blood-spattered mass of humanity screaming in terror and pain.

"God, it was awful," said Charlie Keller, a Flagler farmer who was standing with his wife, his 14-year-old daughter Zenilda, and six-year-old twins Johnny and Josephine. "I saw this plane coming. I hollered, 'Mama duck!' I dived between



Graphic House  
TONE & PAYTON AT CIRIO'S  
In the movies, she is chased by an ape-man.



DaKinen-King Features  
NEAL & PAYTON AT CLUB MOCAMBO

two cars. There was an awful roar, and then this loud crash. I got up, looked around. Mama wasn't there. I couldn't see the children either. A short time before the accident, Mama said to me, 'Somebody could get killed.' I remember I said, 'I guess somebody could get killed. Mama.' Keller found his wife, Zenilda and Johnny dead.

That night Flagler counted the gala day's toll: 20 dead, 50 injured. Every family in town could count a member killed or hurt. The toll might have been even worse. Just before the crash, a crowd of children ran from the fatal spot to get a better look at Fred Ruble's sail plane.

Among the dead was the only one who might have explained why it happened: Pilot Jones.

## MANNERS & MORALS

### The Pursuit of Happiness

For most of his 46 years, Franchot Tone, a well-bred man and an able actor, pursued happiness, usually in the form of blondes. Last week, pursuit of a blonde landed him in a Los Angeles hospital with a brain concussion, a broken nose, and a fractured cheekbone. Against doctor's orders, the blonde climbed a fire escape, spent two hours with Tone, then announced that she would stick by him. From what newspaper readers had learned of the blonde during the preceding 24 hours, this would seem to be a fate somewhat worse than a brain concussion and a broken nose.

**Barrel of Monkeys.** The blonde's name was Barbara Payton, 25, who has been playing around Hollywood for three years in & out of grade-B pictures. Her latest is called *The Bride of the Gorilla*. What she mainly does is to run, scantily clad, through jungles while an ape-man pursues her. It also came natural for her to be seen cooing with Franchot Tone in the places where Hollywood people go to be seen cooing with each other. During a court battle with his ex-wife, another

blonde named Jean Wallace, Tone was asked about Barbara. "How many times have you seen her naked?" asked his wife's lawyer. "I couldn't estimate," answered Tone. "But I would say frequently." Hollywood columnists chattered happily about a marriage as soon as Barbara divorced her husband, an automobile salesman back in Iowa.

Those happy days were eight long weeks ago, before Barbara got a second look at Actor Tom Neal, a 37-year-old cowboy actor and onetime amateur boxer. The first look had been disappointing. "Last year, Tom and I have a date," Barbara explained a few weeks ago. "and he's playing it real nothing, you know? I think to myself: What have we here, dear? From then on, I avoided him."

The trouble with the first date was that Tom had his clothes on. On the second occasion, explained Barbara, "I see him at the Sunset Plaza swimming hole. He's in a pair of bathing trunks. Honey, I just take one look at him and positively flinch." She sighed. "More fun than a barrel of monkeys."

Six days & nights later, Tone was out and Neal was in. Neal spent the next month and a half lolling around Barbara's patio doing sit-ups with bar bells while Barbara gazed adoringly. The gallant Neal later told friends: "Barbara asked me to marry her. It wasn't the other way round. She said she was in love with me."

Franchot Tone, however, is no man to step aside for an actor who plays supporting roles to range ponies. A triangle was in the making. Though most such triangles tend to be lopsided, this one was isosceles, the two men apparently equal in Barbara's heart. Isosceles love triangles can be static or dynamic. This was dynamic. Barbara made up her mind differently every day, and sometimes several times a day. As Neal tells the story: "We all met at a party and it was Franchot again with her." A few nights later, Neal said he got a phone call at 3 a.m. "Look, Tom," groaned Barbara, "I can't take it with this

Tone. I want to go back with you, you're so exciting." Next day, she called again: "This Tone is too dull. I can't go this route, see?" Neal decided to wait a little while.

**The Way It's Got to Be.** Two weeks ago, said Neal, he went to a party, floored a big Texan who got talking tough, and then went over to see Barbara. Tone was there. With Neal on the scene, said Neal, "Barbara went right to Tone and said, 'Franchot, this is the way it's got to be; it's Tom.'" Tone left, and the happy couple decided to get married on Sept. 15, two days after Barbara's divorce became final.

One morning last week, when Neal arrived at Barbara's house, she was on her way out "to an appointment." Neal stuck around, heard Barbara call her maid, ask that her mink coat and overnight bag be sent to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Right then, Neal got suspicious. "I knew," he said, "that Tone was back in her life again."

Neal waited at Barbara's home. She returned with Tone. "Tom," she chirped, "it's got to be like this. It's Franchot now and you'll have to get out." Tom didn't get out. He called some friends and a party began. Barbara and Franchot left. At 1:30 a.m., when everybody had gone home except Neal, Barbara and Franchot returned. Tone offered to throw Neal out. They went outside. Neal (180 lbs.) said he tried to reason with Tone (155 lbs.). Barbara fluttered out, "She runs up to Tone," said Neal, "and kisses him—but big. That's when the old adrenaline began to boil. I saw the good old red."

Someone threw a punch. "I crossed a right to his jaw," said Neal. "He flew backwards ten feet and down and I was on him like a cat. He's got me mad now. I give him the right, the left, and the right, and the left . . ." Barbara hopped in screaming. Boxer Neal dumped her in a clump of bushes with a black eye. "We're all covered with blood," said Neal. "He's out." A neighbor said that Neal hit the prostrate Tone 30 times. It sounded like a punching bag.

**A Memorable Decision.** By week's end, Franchot Tone's physical condition was greatly improved. Barbara visited the actor, whose latest picture is called *Here Comes the Groom*. After one such visit this week, Barbara said: "We knew yesterday that we would marry, but today he asked me."

Faced with a possible assault & battery charge, Tom Neal was truly sorry about the fight. "Hated to hit Tone, but Barbara," he said gallantly, "kept egging us on. She digs that blood & guts stuff."

Wistfully, Neal, the bridegroom jilted on the wedding eve, recalled that he and Barbara had their Wassermann tests taken together last week. Then he made a decision which may be as important a precedent in the etiquette of Hollywood as Lord Coke's Rule in *Shelley's Case* was to the law of England. Said Tom Neal: "I'm not going to pay for her Wassermann tests if she's going to marry Tone."

# WAR IN ASIA

## BATTLE OF KOREA

### Piecemeal & Wholesale

The Eighth Army last week was fighting about as hard as it was possible to fight without launching an all-out offensive—which the U.N. generals had no intention of doing just yet. The Eighth was engaged in a series of local "limited offensives" which had three aims: 1) to push the Reds off strategic high ground; 2) to kill as many of them as possible; 3) to knock their big buildup of balance.

The Communists were obviously hurt. Their propaganda complained that Van Fleet's attacks were "openly inviting war"—a pointless accusation, in view of the fact that it was agreed when the truce talks started that the war would continue until a cease-fire was signed & sealed.

On the east-central front, around an embattled hollow nicknamed the Punchbowl, U.S. Marines made the deepest U.N. penetrations into North Korea since last December. Wielding flamethrowers and bayonets, aided by planes, Army artillery and tanks, the leathernecks clawed their way up towering crags. From caves and log-roofed bunkers, North Koreans fought back doggedly, but the flamethrowers finally made the Reds break and run.

In the center and east, Communist counterattacks were fierce and frequent, forced temporary U.N. pullbacks. But U.N. artillery did not let the Reds get very far. "Bloody Ridge," occupied last fortnight after heavy fighting, was still in U.S. hands. At New bloody ridges, Red assaults were met by the heaviest U.N. barrage in six weeks.

Pugnacious General James Van Fleet was eager for the Communists to jump off with their offensive—if they were ever going to. Said he grimly: "A Communist offensive would give us the chance to slaughter them. That way we could get them in wholesale lots, and not have to kick them piecemeal out of the hills the way we are doing now."

### CEASE-FIRE

### "I Am Still Prepared..."

It sounded like just another Communist accusation. A U.N. night-flying plane, said the Reds, had "made machine-gunning" over the Kaesong neutral zone. Five U.N. colonels (four U.S., one South Korean) were dispatched to investigate. This time, the Red charge proved to be true.

The U.N. officers were shown bullet holes in houses and bullet marks on masonry less than a mile from the conference house (in which no true talks had been held since Aug. 22). Some flattened .50-cal. slugs were lying on the ground; the Reds did not claim that any person had been hit. In addition to this evidence, U.N. officers had other proof—the record kept by their own radar operators. At about the time the Communists said the attack occurred, U.N. radar had spotted a

plane over Kaesong. Investigation showed that it was a U.S. B-26 of the 3rd Bomb Group. The pilot's story: he had fired on Kaesong, mistaking it for another target 20 miles away.

Vice Admiral C. Turner Joy sent a formal apology to North Korea's Nam Il: "The United Nations Command regrets this violation of the agreed neutrality... Appropriate disciplinary action is being initiated..."

The incident, while it will probably have little influence on the situation, weakens the U.N.'s position, which is based on General Ridgway's heated assertion that the past Red charges were phony. The candor with which the U.N. admitted the plane incident testifies to its sincerity; but some people could now argue that if one violation happened—by mistake—perhaps some of the other incidents the Reds cited had happened in the same way. The Peking radio crowed triumphantly, indicated that the Communists would resume the talks if the U.N. pleaded guilty to all the other charges, too.

Meanwhile, the Reds officially rejected General Ridgway's proposal that the site of the cease-fire talks be changed. They branded it an attempt to "run away from your side's responsibility for violation of the Kaesong neutrality agreement."

This week, in a message to the Communist leaders, Ridgway firmly repeated that, after thorough investigation, all the Red charges except the one apologized for had been found false. He added: "I again emphasize my concern in the achievement of a just and honorable military armistice... I am still prepared to order my liaison officers to a meeting... to discuss... resumption of the armistice talks."

### THE ENEMY

#### Stolen Toy

White flag in hand, a 28-year-old Chinese officer crossed into the allied lines one day last week, just bursting with talk. Lieutenant Fan Wei-ning cheerfully gave out vital facts on the officers and men in his division—their ages, their equipment, their battle plans. Then he asked for a map of the village where his division was based, and eagerly pinpointed supply dumps, command posts and gun positions.

Since the few Chinese officers captured by U.N. forces in Korea have generally been close-mouthed, U.N. interrogation officers wanted to know why Fan was being so talkative. Fan was glad to explain. Last May, he found three Chinese WACs in the division to which he was assigned as "entertainment officer" (*i.e.*, a job somewhere between U.S.O. director and political commissar). "One," he said, "was a beautiful young girl named Toy. We fell in love. It was not at all bad being so far away from home under those conditions. Then the division commander began to notice Toy."

After that, Fan and Toy seldom saw each other; the commander staggered their duty hours so that one was always on duty when the other was free. Fan stuck it as long as he could. "Finally," he said, "I decided to desert."

Just as Fan was being led from the tent in which his interrogation took place, he stopped, returned to the map, studied it intently for a minute, and then marked it with a neat cross to guide U.N. artillery. "That," said Fan, "is where the division commander lives."



U.S. TROOPS ON BLOODY RIDGE  
Up the crags and to the Punchbowl.

International

## NEWS IN PICTURES



**THE MATADOR.** U.S. Air Force's new jet-propelled guided missile, drops take-off rocket as it streaks through space. Designed to carry

U.S. Air Force—Department of Defense

an atomic warhead at speeds no jet fighter can match, it is now in production for use by the nation's first pilotless bomber squadron.



**OLD SCORE SETTLED:** 1913 Stanley Steamer and 1911 Stoddard Dayton reach end of Chicago-New York race. Winner: the Steamer.

International



**TOKEN REPATRIATION:** Seven Japanese prisoners of war return to Tokyo after six years in Russian labor camps. Still held: 77,629

Army



**CHURCH OF GOD FOLLOWERS,** meeting at Ten Commandments Mountain, Murphy, N.C., were exhorted to elect Homer Tomlinson

Associated Press

their bishop, President of the U.S. in 1952, Bishop Tomlinson will stump 42 states—to "encourage godly people to seek public office."



EUROPE'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY, at Fawley, England, took 27 months to build, cost \$105 million, will turn out 6.5 million tons

of oil products annually. Said Prime Minister Attlee: "Those Persians who do not want to see their country ruined should take notice."



Associated Press  
TOP BRASS went to town when 8th Army's General Coulter and South Korea's President Rhee relaxed at Marine air base.



Associated Press  
KOREAN CLOTHING DRIVE gave Los Angeles Advertising Club chance to prove extravagant claim: "We'll give our shirts!" (Woman wore two blouses.)

# INTERNATIONAL

## THE NATIONS

### The French MacArthur

[See Cover]

As the *Île de France*, stately and beautiful, came up New York Bay, one of her prominent passengers,<sup>8</sup> a five-star general of France with a faint battle scar on his left cheek, had a particular wish. The general wanted a picture of himself with the Statue of Liberty as backdrop. The massed press photographers were glad to oblige. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, impeccable from kepi to pigskin gloves, turned his hawklike profile to the lenses and pointed theatrically toward his country's copper gift to the U.S.

It was a deliberately significant gesture: the general had freedom—and mutual aid—very much in mind. During the past nine months in Indo-China, as French

of mourning on his sleeve and his wife's severe black dress testified to that. Only four months ago their only son, Bernard, 23, an infantry lieutenant, was killed on the Indo-China front.

**The "Dirty" War.** The Indo-China war has been dragging on for six years. It started as a slow guerrilla nuisance, with none of the dramatic shock of the Red attack in Korea, and at first the free world, including France herself, looked on it as a dubious cause. The Indo-Chinese Reds, led by a wily, veteran Communist, Ho Chi Minh, pretended with some success to be patriotic nationalists rising against the yoke of French imperialism. In France itself, Communists and fellow travelers loudly berated "the dirty war," sneered at their countrymen who returned from the Indo-China theater, and sabotaged arms shipments to the French forces

of Asia and Europe merge. This is the crucial point which Douglas MacArthur fought to prove, i.e., that Communism cannot go unchecked in Asia and still be defeated in Europe.

General de Lattre de Tassigny, who has been called the MacArthur of France and who is in Washington fighting to prove the same point, is himself one of the best reasons to hope that the West can win the worldwide battle.

**"You Will Be Led . . ."** Early last December, about the time the Chinese Communists were sweeping down through North Korea from the Yalu, Indo-China seemed all but lost. Ho Chi Minh's forces, newly equipped by Red China, drove the French into a pocket on the Red River delta around Hanoi and Haiphong, were shifting from guerrilla raids to frontal attack, and boasting that they would take



DE LATRE (CENTER) AND U.S. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF\*  
All are in the same war.

Associated Press

High Commissioner and commander in chief, he has been fighting one of freedom's bloodiest and most crucial battles. He had left the front to come to the U.S. on an urgent mission: to see the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, and get more U.S. aid for Indo-China, the rampart against the Communist surge toward Singapore and the Indies.

To Manhattan newsmen, General de Lattre read a statement in English: "The war in Indo-China is not a colonial war; it is a war against Red colonialism; as in Korea, it is a war against Communist dictatorship. France has assumed the burden of the war in Indo-China at a tremendous cost to her manpower and financial resources . . . We are fighting on a world battlefield, for liberty and for peace . . ."

De Lattre knows the cost of the fight and the weight of the burden: the band

—then only a few thousand professional soldiers defending blockhouses in a far-off jungle against an elusive, nearly invisible enemy. Frenchmen had little interest in Indo-China until De Lattre helped persuade them that it was important.

The war with Ho turned Indo-China into a ledger of death and liability. In six years the French army in Indo-China lost 31,000 killed and missing. Today, 240,000 men, amounting to a third of France's armed forces, are tied down in the war against the Red Viet Minh—which means that, until that war is over, they are lost to Western Europe's defense.

Ultimately, the U.S. foots the Indo-China bill: the war so far has cost France more than \$2 billion—\$71 million more than the total U.S. Marshall Plan aid to France. Whether the U.S. likes it or not, the U.S. is very much in the "dirty war" itself; while that war continues to drain from France what the U.S. puts in, France cannot be expected to pull her full weight in NATO. In Indo-China the battle lines

Christmas dinner in the French strongholds. The French commanders themselves had given up hope of victory. At this nadir, De Lattre was sent from France. Within weeks he worked a change of spirit, and reversed the tide of war. Frenchmen could only compare it to the miracle of the Marne.

"From now on," cried De Lattre to his demoralized troops, "you will be led!" He was 62, a veteran of two World Wars and a colonial war (in North Africa), eight times wounded, 46 times decorated, the pre-NATO commander of West Europe's common defense—but the next 30 days in Indo-China carried his career to its pinnacle.

Brusquely he stopped the panic in Hanoi, canceled the order for evacuation of women & children, brought his own wife from France to his side. Like a burst from a Tommy gun, he cut down and broke incompetent and sluggish officers, cleared the goldbringers out of the saloons

\* He held his own against such celebrities as Cinemactor Humphrey Bogart and his wife Lauren Bacall (see PEOPLE).

\* Vandenberg, Bradley, Collins, Fechteler.

and brothels, conferred on the worst of them what his soldiers came to call "the order of the steamship ticket," i.e., packed them off to France.

When a guard of honor at Haiphong seemed slovenly, De Latte tongue-lashed the general and colonel in charge, a terrifying treatment known in French slang as the "shampoo." He ordered 25 days' confinement for the pilot of his plane, because the pilot had neglected to put the new commander's insignia on the fuselage. To a bearded copilot, De Latte snapped: "And you've got five minutes to shave yourself clean!" Later, to an aide, the martinet confided: "I have terrible obligations. I have to abuse those I like the best. These air force men are genuine heroes, but they behave too badly."

To the U.S. liaison officer in Indo-China, Brigadier General Francis Brink, De Latte handed a list of urgently needed weapons and supplies. He grasped at once the importance of a U.S. weapon ideal for jungle fighting: napalm. His predecessors had never used it.

De Lattre shuttled over the front in a small plane, with a display of energy that left aides ashen-faced with fatigue. Everywhere he touched dormant chords of national pride and restored to his soldiers the will to fight.

**The Big Gamble.** In mid-January the big test came. In their first frontal maneuver, the Viet Minh, 40,000 strong, stormed the French lines in the Vinh Yen area northwest of Hanoi, striking for the rich, rice-growing delta.

Badly outnumbered, De Lattre made a strategic gamble: he stripped the garrisons of southern Indo-China, flying eleven battalions up to Vinhyn in a ramshackle armada of military and civilian aircraft. The defense of the south was left to a handful of regulars and native auxiliaries under able General Charles Chanson, later murdered by Viet Minh terrorists.

Then, with his forces skillfully supported by fire bombing and artillery, De Lattre cut the Viet Minh assault to pieces.

He followed up that victory with others at Dongtri, Ninhbinh and the Day River. By the time the rains began last June, bringing major military operations to a halt until the fall, the Communists had taken a severe drubbing. Ho Chi Minh no longer thought of dinner in Hanoi; instead, he ordered a return to guerrilla action.

**Uhlns to Panzers.** De Lattre and the Americans have been allies in three wars. He was born (1889) in Mouilleron-en-Pareds, the Vendée village which is also the birthplace of Georges Clemenceau, and where De Lattre's 96-year-old father has been mayor for four decades. Young Jean went to St. Cyr, France's West Point, and marched from the classroom into World War I. A lieutenant of dragoons, he won his first citation after a lance-v-sabre encounter with German Uhlan. Though unhorsed and wounded in the chest, he cut down two of the enemy with his sword. Shifted to the infantry,

## Indo-China



he survived four more wounds before the Armistice.

Between World Wars, he served under France's famed Marshal Lyautey against the Rif of Morocco. In 1939 he became the youngest (50) French general. In the debacle of 1940, he and his 14th Infantry Division showed up well, holding the German *Panzers* near Reims until the line on his left flank disintegrated. Until the Germans marched into unoccupied France, he served the Vichy regime as a military instructor. Then, in a rage, he defied Vichy's orders to keep his troops in barracks ("Never will I receive the Germans at my headquarters!"), and led his men out to resist in a brief, futile battle.

The Vichy regime sentenced him to ten years in jail, but he soon escaped, with the help of his wife, who smuggled into his cell a small metal saw tucked in a bouquet of flowers and a ten-yard rope hidden in a bag of laundry. He made his way to the Free French in London and then Algiers. In 1944 and 1945 he led the French First Army in its landing in the south of France and its proud march northward to the Rhine and Danube. At one time his command included 125,000 U.S. troops. It was in this campaign that American officers got firsthand acquaintance, often startling, with the De Lattre temperament and technique.

**Springtime's Victory.** Like MacArthur, De Lattre is often impatient with his superiors' recommendations; like MacArthur, he has a flair for the intense dramatic (colleagues have nicknamed him "General de Théâtre"), and a precise sense of history. In Germany: De Lattre successfully attacked Ulm against instructions, because he knew that in 1805 Napoleon had executed a similar maneuver.

De Lattre can be moody, and he is touchy about honor—both France's and General de Lattre's. During the Battle of the Colmar pocket, De Lattre's superior, U.S. General Jacob Devers, peppered him with suggestions over the field telephone. The bugged Frenchman finally exploded: "If you want me to run this battle, leave me alone! If you want to run it, come here and take over!" A firm admirer of De Lattre's talents, Devers hung up and remarked: "I was wondering how soon he would say that."

Once, at an Allied banquet, De Lattre refused to eat or drink because Russia's Marshal Georgi Zhukov failed to mention France in a toast praising Allied armies. Informed of his oversight, Zhukov proposed a special toast to France. De Lattre, appeased, began to eat and drink.

General Charles de Gaulle sent De Lattre to Berlin to sign the Armistice, although France had not been invited to the ceremonies. De Lattre signed as a witness, then issued a lyrical order of the day: "Victory has arrived . . . radiant victory of springtime, which gives back to our France her youth, her strength and her honor."

**Toward Resurrection.** De Latre belongs to a France that long ago dropped out of the headlines. His is not the France of

falling cabinets and rising black-marketeers, nor an envious France, nor a timid France. But to drop from the headlines is not to die. De Lattre's France is, perhaps, more deeply alive than the France that twitches uncertainly through the news. To De Lattre's France belongs a great military tradition in which the word *Patrie* means as much today as it did at Marengo and Verdun.

De Lattre uses grand words, because they are the words that match his feelings. The rhetoric of the dedicated French soldier is as genuine and essential a part of his military character as General Mac-Auliffe's cry, "Nuts!" is a part of the American military character. Men like

was the prelude to the broader North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The boldest voice in the debate over Europe's proper strategy was raised by De Lattre; he favored "offensive defense," i.e., a highly mobile and mechanized army that would tear around an invader's columns, carry the battle to his flanks and rear.

**"Stand Up Like Men."** In Indo-China, De Lattre has practiced the dynamic defense he preached for Europe. Not only has he transformed a whipped, dispirited French army into a resurgent, confident fighting force, he has also shaken up the leaders and the people of Viet Nam.<sup>9</sup> From their chief of state, Emperor Bao Dai, down to the peasant masses, the

nameless doubt. He won over the distrustful Bao Dai and other leaders with his intense assurances that the old colonialism was dead. He exhorted village elders: "*Attentisme*, the double game, treason, are at an end . . . You are at war, and in war to compromise is treason . . ." He told the nation's youth: "Stand up like men! If you are Communists, join the Viet Minh . . . But if you are patriots, fight for your country, because this war is your war . . ."

Despite De Lattre's political progress U.S. observers in Indo-China estimate that, in free elections, half the Indo-Chinese would still vote for Ho rather than French-supported Bao.

**Victory by '57** In July, impelled by De Lattre's drive, the Viet Nam government decreed total mobilization. All men between 20 and 45 were subject to military draft. The machinery to train a national army was already in operation. De Lattre proposed to use the 60,000 Vietnamese who have been fighting in the French army as a seasoned nucleus. He set up schools for Viet Nam officers (good Vietnamese officers are rare). By year's end, he hopes the Viet Nam army will be 120,000 strong; how good it will be is another question.

De Lattre runs his war in Indo-China in his usual grand manner. When not at the front, at his headquarters in Hanoi or Saigon, the routine is about the same. He sits at a huge, black-lacquered desk in Saigon's Norodom Palace; a map of the front stands behind him, and a grandfather clock ticks away. He stays up till 3 or 4 a.m. reading field reports, then issues his orders for the next day and turns in. He is up again at 10 or 11, after receiving advisers while still in bed. He is a meticulous dresser (his clothes come from Lanvin in Paris), and he has been known to fire a stenographer with the remark: "You don't know how to dress, Miss, and your hair is dirty." Says one newsman who has seen him at work in Indo-China: "Around him all women must be beautiful, all men handsome and intelligent, all motorcars sleek and fast, all public appearances impressive."

When he returns to his headquarters next month, he will find Indo-China's war machine waiting for him (little gets done while the boss is away) and for the end of the rainy season, when the Communists are likely to attack again. De Lattre is confident that he can crush the attacks as before—always provided that the Chinese Communists do not directly intervene. His plan, which he is expounding in Washington this week, calls for decisive defeat of Ho's forces by 1957.

**What Does De Lattre Want?** To help him carry out his plan, De Lattre wants, first of all, old pledges fulfilled. He has already got upwards of 100 American fighter planes, 50 bombers and transports, ground arms for 30 battalions, artillery and naval craft; but other promised deliveries—trucks and tanks—are seven months behind schedule. He also needs additional arms of every kind.



DE LATRE & WIFE AT SON'S FUNERAL  
"The only thing that matters any more is duty."

De Lattre talk big because they feel the bigness of the France that for generations has been hidden, more often than not, beneath the coattails of little men. When De Lattre speaks of *la France* he means a country so large that all the men of Western civilization have a home there.

De Lattre's first big postwar job was to revive the moribund French army. As chief of staff, he called the country's youth to "a national resurrection." He scrapped the old training methods, which had centered around the dank barracks known as the caserne, parade-ground drill and obsolete maneuvers, and set up the *camp léger* (light camp), which gave the recruit realistic and toughening field exercises.

Later in 1948, De Lattre got his second big postwar job: commander in chief of Western Union land forces. Created by the Brussels pact of 1948, which brought Britain, France and the Benelux powers into a defensive alliance, Western Union

Vietnamese were pretty skeptical onlookers in the French struggle against Ho Chi Minh; they doubted whether that struggle had much to do with their own freedom. The Communist record in China and Korea shook their doubts, but still it seemed to them that the French cause in Indo-China was, at best, the lesser of two evils: proud Viet Nam nationalism could not forget the arrogant French colonialism of the past. Some of the bitterest criticism of France came from the native intelligentsia who spoke the purest French. Many joined Ho Chi Minh's camp. Many more played the game the French called *attentisme*—fence-sitting—waiting to see which side would win.

De Lattre boldly attacked this Viet-

\* The old Indo-China is now divided into the three Associated States of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia, of which Viet Nam is the largest (its 23 million people comprise more than 80% of all Indo-Chinese).

But De Lattre wants even more. A scornful opponent of bits-&-pieces warfare, De Lattre burningly wants the U.S., Britain and France to agree on a unified strategy against Communism in Southeast Asia. He insists that Korea, Indo-China and Malaya (where 32,000 British and Commonwealth soldiers are still fighting Red guerrillas) are only different battles of the same war; they should all be fought within an overall plan.

As he spoke for his program in Washington, De Lattre was impressive and persuasive. He speaks a fluent, heavily accented English, in words that sometimes trip over an English idiom. (Once, meaning to say "I point upward," he came out with, "I point my finger through the ceiling.")

Washington gave him the No. 1 treatment—honor guard, military band, howitzer salute, receptions, dinners. At the White House he talked with President Harry Truman. He prayed at George Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, went to Mass on Sunday. At the Pentagon he lunched with General of the Army George Marshall and his successor as Defense Secretary, Robert Lovett. At the State Department, he briefed Dean Acheson on Indo-China. "Very interesting . . . I got a clear picture for the first time," said the Secretary. "We shall do all that is possible for you."

Intense and indefatigable though he was, De Lattre seemed, to U.S. friends who knew him in the past, a subdued man in contrast to World War II days, when he used to play host at lavish parties and declaim his own poetry at the



FRENCH TANKS ON PARADE IN HANOI  
Instead of panic, shampoos and a shave.

dinner table. The death of his son has hit him very hard. Sometimes a sudden memory will bring from him an uncontrollable sob. He is, like MacArthur, essentially an old-fashioned man who believes unbendingly in the old-fashioned virtues—but also in the new-fashioned ways of waging war. "The only thing," says De Lattre, "that matters any more is duty—duty to France, duty to end all this killing, duty to end all this chaos in the world."

## COMMUNISTS

### Money-Order Racket

Red China, hard up for dollars, got some very simply—by postal money order.

**Pickup.** In April 1950, Honolulu post-office officials began to notice that money orders made out by Filipinos in Hawaii and Guam were not being cashed in the Philippines, as they were supposed to be; instead, they were coming back with "chops" (post officialese for seals), showing that they were being handled by Hong Kong banks. U.S. post-office officials got suspicious, sent Inspector R. Frank Ogden, 53, to Hong Kong to investigate.

A Hong Kong money changer, who owed the police a little reward for past favors, talked. From Hong Kong the trail led to Manila, and grew hotter; once a jeep full of Tommy-gun-toting men ran Ogden to the curb and almost did him in. Finally, in the dusty villages outside Manila, he and Filipino intelligence agents discovered the grassroots base of the racket.

Agents for Red Chinese syndicates would hang around country post offices, and sidle up to Filipinos who had just received money orders from relatives in Hawaii, Guam or the U.S. The agents offered an irresistible bargain: they were ready to buy up the money orders, paying three pesos per dollar (the official exchange rate is only two, but the Reds did not mind spending pesos freely in order to

get far scarcer dollars). Endorsed over to middlemen for the Chinese, the orders were then smuggled to Hong Kong by plane and deposited in U.S. banks.

Many of the money orders were small, and the amounts were often changed by clever forgers, e.g., \$1.37 to \$1,379.44. The Reds raked in \$4,000,000 a month. Together with other gimmicks—completely forged postal orders, veterans' checks bought up for pesos—the Reds made an estimated \$12 million in less than a year, using the money to buy war materials.

**Crackdown.** When Ogden reported his findings, police and customs men moved fast. At Hong Kong, customs officers saw a Chinese sneak aboard a plane in the airport hanger and emerge carrying twelve fat envelopes. They grabbed him and recovered \$142,000. At Philippine airfields, \$171,000 more was confiscated. In Manila, an informer led Ogden to a man who offered to sell him 500 counterfeit money-order blanks at 25 pesos (\$1.50) each, and obligingly showed him the printing plant where they were being turned out. Police nabbed the forgers.

Ogden's eight months of plodding through Oriental back alleys was over. The Chinese Reds had to look for a new way to make a fast buck.

## UNITED NATIONS

### Fair Shares for All

Week in & week out, the Soviet press pictures the U.S. economic system as being in a bad way: U.S. unemployment runs as high as 20 million, the Russian papers say, and in the big cities beggars grovel in the streets. Last week in the U.N. budget committee, Russia proposed that the U.S. share of the U.N. expenses be raised from 37% to 50% (\$23,284,150), on the ground that the U.S. economy is able to carry the extra load better than any other country's. Russia's share: 10%.



HO CHI MINH  
Instead of dinner, a drubbing.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### Comrade Bab Takes a Trip

As the Asch Express pulled out of Prague's Woodrow Wilson Station at 9:55 one morning last week, Conductor August Bab, his paunch taut but official in his brass-buttoned uniform, walked slowly through the train to see that all was in order. His train was not a big one: a baggage car and three coaches with 100-odd passengers. And there were two baskets of fruit he was supposed to deliver at the Asch station. For a veteran Communist who had spent years studying Marxism, the run was not much to look forward to. Bab often complained to friends that nothing exciting ever happened in his life.

**A Wife Snubbed.** When the express stopped at Pilsen, Karel Truksa, a husky railroader, got on. Two years ago he had been stationmaster at Asch, a mile from the German border. The Communists had found two men hiding in his house "without documents," and Truksa spent five months in a concentration camp. Now he had only a small job at the station in Eger (Cheb).

As he sat down in his third-class compartment on the Asch Express, Truksa carefully patted his pocket to make sure his pistol was still there.

There were other passengers that Conductor Bab might have been interested in. At Eger, Truksa's wife got on. He pretended not to know her. At other stops along the line, more people boarded the train, including the wife and children of Engineer Jaroslav Konvalinka, up ahead in the cab. Some of the new passengers seemed nervous. Two or three sat down in Truksa's compartment, others near by. A few, as if by accident, sat down near the hand brakes.

At Franzensbad, Truksa got out to stretch his legs on the platform. At the same time Engineer Konvalinka got down from his cab and slipped between the tender and the baggage car, shutting off the air-brake line (this meant that no one would be able to stop the train by pulling the emergency brake). As Konvalinka got back into his cab and started the train, Truksa followed him into the cab. He whipped out his pistol and trained it on the fireman, a Communist, and ordered him to lie face down on the floor.

The train was approaching Asch, its last stop. But instead of slowing down, it picked up speed. On the Asch station platform, baggage men watched wide-eyed as the locomotive, a 3-ft.-high Red Star on the front of its boiler, roared toward them. "I pushed the throttle all the way forward," Konvalinka said later.

**A Switch Thrown.** In the train, those passengers who were not in on the plot became alarmed. Women tried to soothe screaming babies. A toothless old man jumped to his feet, staring wildly out the window. "You should have seen the coal smoke and soot from that locomotive."



Two Map by J. Donovas

he said. "It came in the window two fingers thick."

The train lurched through the Asch station and raced on through the crowded freight yards. Conrade Conductor Bab rushed for the emergency brake and pulled it. Nothing happened: Engineer Konvalinka had done his job well. Bab ran to one of the hand brakes, but the tight-lipped men who had been watching the brakes elbowed him away.

The train swerved off the main line and sped down a seldom-used spur leading between low hills, straight to the German border. On D-day minus one, Truksa had motorcycled to Asch and thrown a switch.

The blockhouse marking the frontier came into sight. "There were no border roadblocks on the track," said Konvalinka thankfully. "On one side, pretty far away, were ten or twelve Red guards, but they were completely surprised. When we crossed the border, a stone fell from my heart."

At the tiny town of Wildenau, half a mile inside Germany, the train panted to

a stop. Conductor Bab jumped out and ran toward the locomotive, screaming insults. Said Konvalinka evenly: "You've got nothing more to tell me." Down the spur track, across the low hills, they could still see the church spires and smokestacks of Asch, in Communist Czechoslovakia.

**A Hint Given.** U.S. constabulary troops promptly impounded the train and its passengers. A U.S. officer welcomed all who wanted liberty, passed out free cigarettes, and set up a chow line. Then Engineer Konvalinka explained the plot.

Other anti-Communist Czechs in recent weeks have fled to freedom on foot, in boats, in planes, in helicopters, but Konvalinka and his friend Truksa decided that the railroad was the thing. At first, Konvalinka was for taking one locomotive and only his family, but when he found that many of his friends wanted to get out, too, he decided to take a whole train. All he told them, with a wink, was to get aboard the Asch Express on Sept. 11. Word began to spread. An auto mechanic, who had twice before tried to cross the frontier through the Bohemian woods, related: "A friend advised us to climb on the train to Asch because we would reach safety sooner that way." We couldn't believe him, but we got on anyhow."

**A Bed Spurned.** That night the passengers, bedded down in their compartments, listened to an embarrassed Czech broadcast claiming that the train had gotten out of control and had skidded across the border. Seventy-seven passengers decided to go back—most of them were afraid of what would happen to their kin if they did not. Thirty-one asked to stay in Germany. Next day the whole trainload was taken to a D.P. camp at Grafenwoehr, where they ate well and slept between clean sheets—all except Comrade Bab, who slept grimly on the floor. A devout Communist, he would not permit himself the evil luxury of a capitalist bed.

Bab was also troubled by his responsibility for the fruit; he told U.S. officers excitedly that it would rot unless prompt action were taken. The officers simply distributed the fruit among the passengers. It was almost too much for Comrade Bab: "I have a weak heart," he wailed. "I have diabetes—and now I am kaput."

Next day the 77 passengers who had decided to return boarded buses and went back to Communist Czechoslovakia. With them, shaken and pale, was Conductor Bab, to whom nothing much ever seemed to happen.

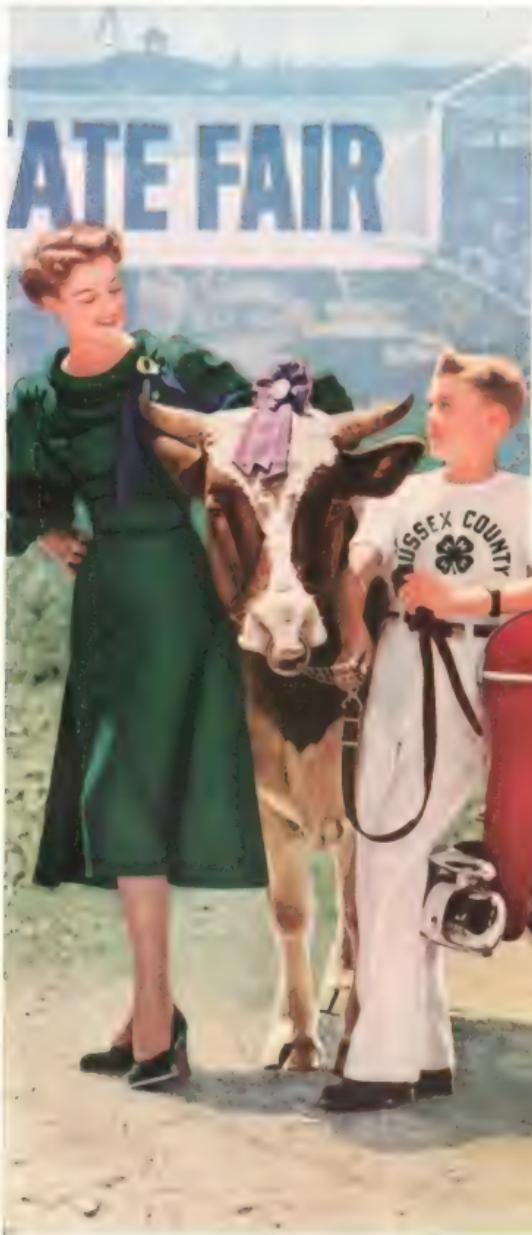
### Letter to His Wife

The West last week struck a blow for A.P. Correspondent William Oatis, imprisoned in Czechoslovakia on charges of "espionage" (TIME, May 7). The U.S., Great Britain and France jointly prohibited Red Czechoslovakia's airlines from flying over West Germany. The prohibition means that the Czech airlines will have to detour hundreds of miles to make their flights to



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CONDUCTOR BAB  
The brakes were kept.



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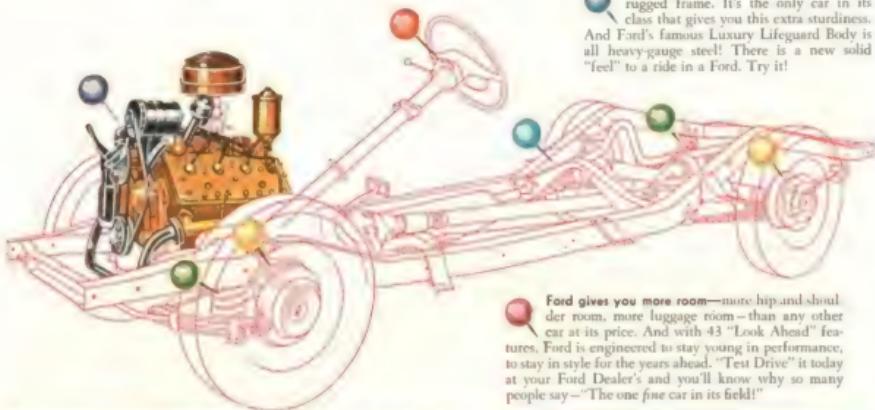
*Dress by Marvin Randolph Monk*

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See "Ford Festival," starring James Melton on NBC-TV

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Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam. Cried a Czech spokesman: "Open discrimination against the Czechoslovak Republic!"

The Czech radio, meanwhile, broadcast a letter which Oatis was supposed to have written "freely" to his wife Laurabelle: "I am sure that you must be surprised that I have been arrested. In explanation, all I will tell you now is that I had been caught in espionage . . . When I got orders to carry out espionage, I fulfilled them valiantly. Today I know very well how I harmed the interests of the Czechoslovak nation, which honestly worked for world peace . . . I am ashamed . . . I share my grief only with you, dear . . ."

Commented the Czech radio: "[This letter] shows that W. Oatis is corresponding with his wife freely, and that if members of the U.S. Embassy in Prague are not able to speak with him, it is because he does not want to speak to them."

Mrs. Oatis got the letter. Said she: "I don't understand."

## AUSTRIA

### News from Two

Since 1945, the Russians have kidnapped at least 800 Viennese for crimes ranging from "spying for the Western powers" to "sabotage" (e.g., dropping a typewriter on a Russian factory office floor). Again & again the Austrian government has asked the Russians for news of these missing people. Last week the Russians released the first official word on any of the 800. The word concerned two men.

One was Paul Katscher, a railway official seized by Russian officers in 1947, while he was negotiating with the occupying powers for the return of "liberated" freight cars to Austria. Reported Moscow: Katscher, convicted of sabotage, had died in a Soviet jail June 9, 1949.

The other man was Anton Marek, senior police inspector and a staunch anti-Nazi, last seen in 1948 entering Soviet occupation headquarters in answer to a telephone summons. Reported Moscow: Marek, now 65, is serving 20 years for espionage." For his bedridden wife, Russian officials had a letter scribbled in pencil on plain paper: "I am a prisoner in the Soviet Union. I am in fairly good physical condition, though I have to work here in the jail. I am longing to see you. My fondest love to our son and friends."

There was still no word about the others.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Fall Elections?

"Other countries . . . are wondering what we shall do next. Let the voice of Britain be heard, Mr. Attlee. Fix the election date now."

With these words, the left-wing *Sunday Pictorial* (circ. 5,093,935) joined Conservatives in asking Prime Minister Clement Attlee for a general election this fall. Tories feel they have a fresh talking point in British failure in Iran, are they can tip the balance of power to their side. Labor's own left wing, led by rambunc-

tious Nye Bevan, would like a showdown before the government makes more commitments for defense at the expense of the welfare state.

Attlee, with a choice of going to the voters before winter (when coal will be scarce) or of waiting until spring (when winter coughs and perhaps Iran, too, may be forgotten), may announce his decision during the Labor Party conference, which opens on Oct. 1. Meantime, the *Tory Daily Express*, the Communist *Daily Worker*, the liberal *London Star* were all claiming inside information that Attlee would call an autumn election.

## BURGUNDY

### Churchill v. History

A serious war crimes charge was leveled last week at the Duke of Burgundy and its ruler, Philip the Good (1419-67). During a visit to the historical library



The Bettmann Archive

JOAN OF ARC  
A Goddam felt defensive.

of France's National Assembly, Winston Churchill was shown the original document condemning to death one Joan, sometimes called the Maid, a relapsed heretic. Churchill studied the document and felt called upon to defend England's role in the affair. "It wasn't us who did it," he growled. "It was the Burgundians."

Historian Churchill further remarked to his French guides: "You will probably find somewhere in these books that the French used to call us English 'the Goddams.' It's an expression we still use. It's a good thing to keep these old conservative customs."

\* It was indeed the Duke of Burgundy's men who captured Joan of Arc, who was then sold to the English for 10,000 gold crowns, but it was the English who turned her in to a clerical court (headed by Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais). The court declared her excommunicate, a "limb of Satan," and handed her over to the secular arm, i.e., the English occupation authorities in northern France. The English burned her at the stake.

## BELGIUM

### Touchy Fellow

Young Boris Tchetteroukine, the proud son of a proud White Russian émigré naval officer, was always a touchy fellow. His colleagues at Brabant's food research institute, where he was a teacher, found that he felt insulted at the drop of a word and always insisted on his own way. Last week, after eleven years at the school, he went on trial before a governmental disciplinary committee for insubordination. For one day, with ominous patience, Boris listened to the charges laid against him. On the second day, he faced his detractors with an ultimatum: "I'll give you just five seconds to retract these charges. Otherwise, I will present you with some overwhelming evidence."

With that, Boris Tchetteroukine, student, sportsman and crack sharpshooter, sat down. There was silence in the court. For five seconds, Boris rummaged in a briefcase, then stood up again. "Here," he announced, "are two documents with which I will convince you." Thereupon, he began blazing away with an automatic in one hand and a revolver in the other.

One man fell dead, another lay mortally wounded, a third was stretched on the floor seriously hurt, while a fourth bullet snapped a waistcoat button off a key witness. Spectators dived under benches and hid behind chairs as Boris scattered 20 more shots about the courtroom. When both guns were empty, he paused for a moment to reload. He fired two more shots. Then the touchy fellow aimed a third at his own temple and pulled the trigger.

"I disapprove of my son," said Boris' father when he heard the news in Brussels, "but I do not disapprove of him for having killed these people. I disapprove only because he killed himself."

## IRAN

### Down, Down, Down?

For a year, while Iran galloped toward ruin, the U.S. State Department has been muttering that it was working for a "settlement." Presidential Troublesolver Averell Harriman tried hard to bring about agreement between Teheran and London, and failed. Still, the State Department's only policy on Iran is to work—or wait—for a settlement.

There is no evidence in Iran that a "settlement" is any more likely this week than it was last week or last month. One significant change in the situation: Premier Mohammed Mossadeq—who has been running the show from his cot, summoning Western diplomats, cowering the Iranian Parliament with his National Front thugs telling the Shah where he got off—has begun to slip. Fourteen deputies last week signed a manifesto protesting the Premier's policies, deriding the fiasco of oil nationalization. Sayid Zia Edin Tabatabai, onetime Premier and wily old politician, set up an opposition, revived his National Will Party. The Shah,

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who has been mum about his dislike of Mossadeq and his policies, last week made a public plea for national unity in which he said flatly that Iran was facing the worst crisis in her history.

The British imposed economic sanctions against Iran (partial blocking of Iranian sterling holdings in London, banning exports of scarce raw materials to Iran), and were evidently trying hard to squeeze out Mossadeq. Even if they succeed (despite his troubles Mossadeq, fainting fits, tears and all, is still immensely popular in Iran), it is far from likely that a "settlement" would result. Far more probable is a steady downhill slide of Iran's economy, with inflation, unemployment and rioting, exploited by the Communist Tudeh Party.

## SPAIN

### For 15 Days

One night 26 years ago, an unknown hand knocked three times at the door of a founding home in Bilbao. The sister on duty waited the regulation three minutes to give the nocturnal caller time to retreat into the darkness, then she opened the door. In a wicker basket outside, a baby girl lay sleeping. "Take good care of my baby," said an unsigned note pinned to the basket. "Her name is María del Rosario. God protect her."

"**You Are None Other . . .**" Soon afterward, a poor worker, José Trigo Villar, and his wife Concepción came to the home to adopt a child. They chose blue-eyed, blonde-curled María. "You are taking away a real *marquesita*," said one of the nurses at the home. José Trigo remembered the remark often during the next quarter-century when, hounded by poverty and civil war, he tramped up & down Spain in search of a living.

His adopted daughter, romantically rechristened Carmen, grew tall, graceful and dignified. José never let her suspect that she was not his real daughter. In 1949, when Carmen was working in a foundry in Valencia, she got an offer of marriage. Her suitor was only a factory hand, stubby and stolid, but husbands were not found under every orange tree, so Carmen said yes. The night before the banns were posted, José and Concepción told her what they knew about her birth. They repeated the nun's remark about her being "a real *marquesita*," and the young bride began to embellish her grey life with daydreams about a romantic past.

Last spring, an acquaintance called at the crowded flat where Carmen, her husband, her baby and her parents were living. Tall, dark, handsome Faustino Valentín, who introduced himself as a lawyer, listened with fascination to Carmen's story. "Hasta luego, Marquesita," he muttered thoughtfully, bowing over the girl's graceful hand as he left.

A few weeks later, Faustino returned to the Trigo flat with a briefcase full of documents. "Right here," he said, "I have proof that you are none other than the illegitimate daughter of the late Doña María del Rosario Heredia de Fonte Über-



EX-MARQUESA & CHILD  
The proof went poof.

ta. Marquesa de Escalona del Valle, Grandee of Spain and lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain. Here," he added, "is a copy of your mother's last will leaving you all her titles, privileges and estates."

"**An Authentic Blueblood.**" The legacy made all of Carmen's daydreams come true—a palace in Seville, a ranch in Andalusia, three houses in Granada, a mansion in San Sebastián, stocks, bonds, and millions of pesetas in cash. The Trigos were beside themselves with joy. They uncorked the Manzanilla. The janitor and some friends stopped in to see what the commotion was about and left to publish the good tidings. By morning the news had spread to the papers in Madrid. Gifts poured in from fashion houses and perfume firms. A local bank placed a 100,000-peseta (about \$9,000) checking account at Carmen's disposal. An elderly and aristocratic spinster, hired to teach the new marchioness etiquette, announced with finality: "I need no legal proof to realize that Doña María is an authentic blueblood."

For 15 days, the Trigos, established in a new and fashionable apartment, were the toast of Valencia. Then, like a chill wind, came the breath of disillusion.

"**Yah, Yah, Marquesita . . .**" In a letter to a Spanish weekly, one Marqués de Castelvel, whose hobby is heraldry, pointed out that the title Escalona del Valle did not and never had existed in Spain. Newspapers sent their fair-flung reporters scurrying. They found that there was no mansion in San Sebastián, no ranch in Andalusia, no palace in Seville, no stocks and no cash. When Valencia's Bureau of Criminal Investigation stepped in,

whole truth emerged: Faustino was not even a lawyer, but a law student who had flunked out; his documents were all forgeries.

Last week would-be Lawyer Faustino was in jail. Would-be Marchioness Carmen Trigo had a new job scrubbing floors in a Valencia hospital. She had sold all her fine clothes, jewels and furniture to pay her debts, but she still owed thousands of pesetas. Street urchins mocked, "Yah, yah, *Murquesita*," as she trudged to work each morning. But the kind nuns in the hospital gave Carmen a brief smile as she pushed her rag over the tile floor.

## THE VATICAN

### The Enemy from Hell

It is not recorded that the Pope ever asked: "How many divisions has Joseph Stalin?" He knows that Moscow threatens the world not only with its armies but with its perverted faith. Last week, in a 10,000-word encyclical on the heresy of Monophysitism,<sup>6</sup> the Pope made a strong plea for unity among "all Christians" to throw back "the enemy from Hell." Said Pius XII: "Who is not horrified at the hatred and ferocity with which the God-haters in many parts of the world threaten to stamp out or uproot whatever is divine and Christian? Against this united front, those who are signed with the sacred mark of baptism . . . cannot any longer remain divided and disunited . . . The chains, the sufferings, the torments, the groans, the blood of that immense multitude, known and unknown, who for their . . . Christian faith have suffered . . . urge all to embrace this holy unity . . .

Does this "holy unity" include Protestants? Yes, to the extent that the Vatican welcomes anti-Communist activity in any quarter. But there remained the ancient catch. The Church of Rome's price of real Christian unity remains the same: all Christians must "render due homage to the primacy of the Roman Pontiff."

## THE BALKANS

### Trying Again

Two years after their defeat in the Greek civil war, the Communists were at it again. The U.N. Special Committee on the Balkans reported last week that all of Russia's six satellites are operating special schools for "selecting, training and eventually smuggling armed subversive groups into Greece . . . in preparation for an attempt to overthrow the Greek government by force."

A doctrine on which Christians were divided 1,500 years ago and which is still held by some 4,000,000 Christians in Ethiopia, Egypt and Armenia. According to the Monophysites, Christ has only one nature—the divine. But the Council of Chalcedon in 451 ruled that Christ is not one but two natures—human and divine. Both are completely united in Christ's body. Hence God and man. Roman Catholic theologians believe that the Monophysite theory can lead to the destruction of the very basis of Christianity, i.e., man's redemption through Christ's suffering on earth, since a purely divine being could not be expected to suffer as a man.

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## ARGENTINA

### Shifting Winds

Is Juan Perón in trouble?

Last week his opponent in the presidential election (just seven weeks off) shouted to 50,000 people on a Buenos Aires street corner: "The Argentine man is no longer intimidated. Perón is no longer dictator." A few weeks ago an Argentine would have been arrested for saying that kind of thing in public. In fact, Ricardo Balbin, the man who said it last week, already faced arrest on 19 different charges of disrespect for the President.

But the political winds that blow across the Argentine pampas have veered somewhat. Balbin's audience last week was the best Radical turnout in years. Considering the obstacles put in the way, the crowd of 50,000 was rather more impressive than the estimated 250,000 who were quite literally hauled in for last month's widely touted rally to launch a Perón & Perón ticket. The Radicals' meeting received not a word of advance notice from press or radio. Police banished the rally to the outlying Constitution Plaza. Two nearby subway stations were shut down to make it harder for people to get there.

The Radicals indulged in no idle bragging about an election victory. They were fully aware that the entire resources of the government were stacked against them. But they were encouraged that the Perón regime was showing signs of internal strain. The tip-off had been Evita's sudden withdrawal from the vice-presidential race after the disclosure that the army disapproved of her candidacy. Certainly part of the Radicals' new defiance rose from the belief that the army no longer fully backed Perón. But they were not pinning their hopes on a barracks-room revolt. Another Radical orator called upon the army last week to stay neutral and insist upon an honest election.

## MEXICO

### Toward the Perfect State

The Mexican government, which has traditionally operated in the red, ended its last fiscal year with a \$14,000,000 surplus. "It was simple," explained Treasury Minister Ramón Beteta last week. "We tried to get more money into the treasury and see that less money was wasted." Beteta was particularly successful in cutting down income-tax evasion. He promised his countrymen abolition from past sins if they would pay up present taxes; then he got a law passed threatening them with jail if they did not go straight in the future. The carrot-and-stick technique worked fine, but Beteta is still not satisfied. "We have not caught up with the U.S.," he sighed. "There, you may not be able to put a gangster in jail for murder, but you can always get him for tax evasion. For a finance minister, that is the perfect state."

## CANADA

### Texas of the North

A tall, feathery column of black spray shot into the air and a throaty roar echoed over the grainfields outside Edmonton. Within minutes, a bumper-to-bumper line of cars was moving out of the city along the westbound Jasper highway, heading for the new Athabasca oilfield, seven miles away. There a crowd gathered to relish a familiar but stirring sight. Alberta's newest oil well was blowing up wildly, gushing up 200 feet



London Press  
ACHESEN FIELD'S NEWEST GUSHER

A winy aroma is in the air.

and spitting blobs of copper-black crude for half a mile around.

Rampaging wells and eager people are signs of the times in booming Alberta. All Canada has expanded amazingly since World War II: discoveries of iron ore, nickel, copper, uranium and titanium are cracking open a dozen new frontiers. But the biggest boom of all is in Alberta's oil, the most significant new find on the continent since Texas' Spindletop roared in, 50 years ago.

**First Tide.** Since 1947, when Imperial Oil Ltd.'s Leduc No. 1 gushed from a snow-covered Alberta plain, 45 new oilfields have been spudded in across the province. Portable derricks, lumbering over the land like giant steel giraffes, have drilled more than two new wells a day. More than 300 million U.S. dollars, one of the freest and fastest streams of American

private capital ever sluiced into a foreign country, have been invested in Alberta oil. Reserves of 2 billion bbls. are already proved, and experts say that is only the first tide from a great oily sea buried deep under the province's fields, lakes and mountains.

With characteristic Canadian reserve, Alberta has suppressed most of the roistering atmosphere of a traditional oil boom. But the physical evidence of a changing frontier is visible everywhere. In Edmonton, the provincial capital, steel skeletons of new skyscrapers rise against a background of frame buildings, headlong, false-fronted stores and old log houses. The city's population, up from 113,000 to 160,000 since 1946, has spread out beyond the reach of existing sidewalks, plumbing and telephone lines.

Full-fledged towns such as Redwater (pop. 3,600), Leduc (pop. 1,500) and Devon (pop. 2,400) have mushroomed in the countryside. Pipelines crisscross the grainfields; grazing cattle placidly drink out of the safety pools around burning-off oil wells. Oil exploration teams roam tirelessly on the rolling, almost treeless prairie of the south, among the mixed farms and forests of mid-province and through the wilderness of northern woods and lakes. The brisk, winy aroma of prosperity is in the air.

**First Prize.** Like Texas, Alberta was prosperous even before its oil wells spouted their new wealth. The southern plains country, where the warm Chinook blowing off the Rockies keeps the rich range grasses clear of snow, is one of North America's great pasture lands. Its sleek, black Aberdeen-Angus, white-faced Herefords and square-built red Shorthorns provide more than a quarter of Canada's beef supply; steaks from Alberta steers are eaten as far away as Karachi, capital of Pakistan, half the circuit around the globe.

The grainfields, some of them tilled in fertile grey-black loam, grow some of the world's finest cereals. Alberta wheat has won 16 international championships. In the rich and sparsely-settled Peace River district, wheat grows 7.3 bushels to an acre (1950 national average 17.1), and the region is fertile enough to support another million farmers, more than the province's present population. Canneries have moved to southern Alberta, where Canada's sugar-beet industry is centered and the country's tastiest melons and vegetables are grown on irrigated fields.

**Cool & Scenery.** The Rocky Mountains, along the southwest border, are another of the province's great assets. Three-quarters of Canada's coal, one-seventh of the world's known coal reserve, lie in the Rockies' foothills. The wooded slopes bear 15,000 square miles of tall Douglas firs, one of the finest timbers. The mountains yield yet another resource: scenic beauty that brings a million visitors a year to such playgrounds as Banff, Jasper and

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES



# ALBERTA





OIL & AGRICULTURE are a familiar combination in the booming Edmonton area. Imperial Oil's next-door neighbor is the Gold Bar Farm.



PORTABLE DERRICK signifies drilling in Acheson field.



WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK adjoins Montana's Glacier National Park.



SWEEEPING WHEAT FIELDS are dotted with oil pumps and storage tanks. Here waste oil is being burned off a typical Redwater property.



Farther north in the snow-capped Rockies are famed Banff and Jasper parks.



GAS-FED FLARE leaps high in the rich Leduc oilfield.



Oats & Oil are harvested at Redwater, which has 860 producing wells. In background: Imperial's No. 1, where oil was found in 1948.



EDMONTON'S JASPER AVENUE reflects the 1951 frontier prosperity of Canada's fastest-growing city, gateway to the North.



BASSANO DAM, near Lethbridge, provides power and irrigation for the arid southland's thriving sugar beet and wheat farms.

Waterton Lakes for the bracing air, spectacular glacial lakes and year-round skiing in the perpetual snows.

Even ten years ago, Alberta's people had the highest farm incomes in Canada, based on record-price crops. The whole rich province seemed already on the crest of prosperity when the oil boom struck. To Alberta's farm folk, a God-fearing collection of Baptists, Mormons and other practitioners of strict oldtime religion, the surfeit of bounties was a well-deserved miracle.

Alberta's Premier Ernest Charles Manning, 43, heartily approves the strong spiritual note in his province's reaction to its added wealth. Said a wheat farmer's wife in Medicine Hat: "God knew that Mr. Manning would use the oil wisely, so He let it be discovered."

Manning's government is the nearest approach to a theocracy in the Western Hemisphere. The slight (5 ft. 9 in., 135 lbs.) premier, who practices his own brand of Baptist-fundamentalist evangelism, has been blending religion and politics throughout his public career. Says Manning: "Religion isn't to be kept on a shelf and only taken down on Sundays." A well-thumbed Bible is always open on his desk in Edmonton's Parliament Building. In every public speech, religion, not politics, is the dominant theme. "I abhor the word politician," Manning has repeatedly told Albertans. "I am not here by choice. I would much rather concentrate on my Bible work."

**Money & Religion.** His interest in the Bible, however, actually got Manning into politics. As a farm boy of 17, he heard a broadcast sermon by William ("Bible Bill") Aberhart, a Calgary evangelist with a persuasive social message. Bible Bill later became premier of Alberta as head of a Social Credit party that promised to pay a \$25 monthly dividend to every citizen. Manning had joined Aberhart's Prophetic Bible Institute as a student and helped his chief sell Alberta on the fuzzy Social Credit theory by stumping the province, singing hymns and reciting prayers at political rallies. When Aberhart was elected, Manning, at 26, became a cabinet minister; he took over as premier when Aberhart died in 1943.

Helped along by the World War II boom and the unparalleled prosperity since, Social Credit's odd mixture of economic theory and religious puritanism has sewed up the loyalty of Alberta's farmers in much the same way that William Jennings Bryan's fundamentalism-cum-free-silver captivated the U.S. Midwest in the '90s. Manning's party has won four straight elections and has all but blotted out the opposition in the legislature. "We don't need an opposition," Ernest Manning has said. "They're just a hindrance to us. You don't hire a man to do a job and then hire another man to hinder him."

Neither his thriving political fortunes nor Alberta's booming business expansion have changed Ernest Manning's ascetic private life. He lives in a middle-class home in Edmonton's Garneau district;

Mrs. Manning does her own housework. The premier mows the lawn in summer and shovels the snow in winter. Manning neither drinks nor smokes, and has no use for card-playing. "The family altar," he dourly comments, "has been replaced by the bridge table." On Sundays, the premier and Mrs. Manning travel 187 miles to Calgary, where he conducts a Bible class and broadcasts a sermon from the Bible Institute. His wife plays the organ for the hymns.

**Pay-as-You-Go.** Premier Manning has been less rigorous in his devotion to the woolly formulas of Social Credit. His public speeches still include occasional vague references to monetary reform, but there is no more talk of the \$25-a-month bonus, although Alberta's current \$70 million cash surplus would presumably permit a few token dividends. When some diehard

advance yearly rent of \$1 an acre and signing an agreement to go ahead with immediate exploration. When a company strikes oil, it has three months to map out its entire lease in alternate blocks, usually in checkerboard pattern. The company keeps half the blocks, and pays land rent to the farm owners (up to \$1,500 a well), plus a government royalty averaging 14% on all oil produced. The alternate blocks of the checkerboard revert to the government. These government-held squares, some of them adjoining producing wells, are a lure to smaller or more cautious companies that dare not risk the big gamble on unproved land. The blocks are auctioned to the highest bidders, and have brought as much as \$1,800,000 for 160 acres.

Oil companies appreciate Alberta's setup because they can acquire big blocks of



PREMIER MANNING IN THE PULPIT  
Cards are useless, but checkerboards are worth millions.

Social Creditors called for stricter adherence to the old creed two years ago, Manning sternly read them out of the party. The government-run University of Alberta no longer studies Social Credit as a political theory. From a hot-eyed economic reform movement, the Social Credit Party has changed into one of Canada's most conservative provincial governments, with a strict pay-as-you-go tax policy and a debt-retirement program.

Alberta's oil policy, bossed by Mines Minister Nathan Tanner, a Mormon bishop in private life, is a model arrangement between government and industry. Since 93% of all oil rights in Alberta are owned by the province, there is little of the feverish scrambling for land or the cutthroat competition that marked the oil booms of Texas and other areas where mineral rights were privately owned.

**Rent in Advance.** A company ready to invest in Alberta oil can lease the rights on almost any amount of land by paying an

land at low cost, and can plan their development programs over wide areas without expensive and time-wasting jumps from one small patch to another. Since Alberta normally permits only one well on each 40 acres, and sets a flow quota for each producing well, there is little indiscriminate wildcatting and practically no chance for a fly-by-night operator to move in on good thing, sink a well near by and siphon off his neighbor's oil.

**Few Great Fortunes.** The policy is shrewdly beneficial to Alberta. The bare-gain rates for risk capital, plus the offerings of proved and semi-proved oil land for more reticent investors, provide something for everybody and have helped make Alberta's the world's fastest developing oilfield. This incentive to outside capital has not cost the province a penny. Its income from royalties and lease sales is just over half the oil-income dollar, roughly the same as the standard 50-50 split of profits instituted by U.S. companies now

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El Mundo

## PUERTO RICO HOUSING JOB

These quadruplets—Della, Carmen, So-nia and Angeles—are the first Puerto Rican quads on record to survive birth. They were born last week to Ernesto Vélez Figueroa, 55, and his wife Ricarda, 37, who had been living with their five older children (eight others have died) in one room of a rickety four-room shanty in El Fanguito, San Juan's worst slum. Last week Ernesto, an odd-jobman, insisted that his new daughters made him "the happiest man in the world." San Juan businessmen set to work to move the family to a new home.



operating in Venezuela and the Middle East.

One thing that Alberta has missed because of its government oil policy is a bumper crop of Texas-type millionaires. Few great personal fortunes have been amassed. One of the rare exceptions is Eric Harvie, 59, of Calgary, who held the mineral rights on some 500,000 acres of Alberta land. Harvie got the rights seven years ago as payment from a company that could not raise cash to pay a legal fee. They are now worth about \$50 million. But Multimillionaire Harvie goes in for no big-rich gestures. He drives a two-year-old Studebaker and lives in a modest house. Only one Calgary oilman, Frank McMahon, has got around to building a private swimming pool—and it is nothing to impress Hollywood.

**Widespread Bounties.** Alberta's oil bounties are spread thinly but widely among its 900,000 people. Upwards of 10,000 Albertans, whether \$75-a-week roughnecks in the fields or new office boys in Calgary's bustling stock exchange, now make a living directly from Alberta oil. New schools, hospitals and highways, financed with government oil revenue, are abuilding up & down the province. Alberta has cut its taxes 7%, the first substantial provincial tax cut in Canada since the '20s. Its debt has been cut in half, and the province expects to be completely debt-free within twenty years.

**Industry Imported.** Aside from direct revenue, Alberta has reaped other lush benefits from her oil boom. Great pools of natural gas have been probed by the oil drills, raising Alberta's total gas reserves to 4.5 trillion cubic feet, supplying 90% of Canada's gas. So far, the Alberta government has banned gas exports, hoping to entice new industries to move into the province. The plan has worked to some degree. An affiliate of Celanese Corp. of America is building a \$50 million acetate

mill at Edmonton. The province's first pulp & paper mill is under way in the same area. Du Pont and other chemical companies are planning big Alberta plants.

Alberta will probably release gas for export soon, setting off a rush of pipeline building that will rival the railroad era. Edmonton is already flooded with applications to pipe Alberta gas to eastern Canada, the Canadian West Coast and the U.S. Pacific Northwest. Delhi Oil Corp. of Dallas has bid to build a \$253 million pipeline from Princess, Alta., to Montreal, a distance 400 miles longer than the world's longest pipeline (1,840 miles), from Rio Grande to New York.

**Oil Exported.** Enthusiastic oilmen envision the Alberta of the future as a northern Texas whose oil and gas pipelines will fan out over the top half of the continent, driving the expanding industries of Canada and the northern U.S. as the oil and gas of Texas now power the South and East. Such a development would make a blockaded North America largely self-sufficient in petroleum in case of war.

As yet Alberta's production (8 million bbls. in 1950) is a splash in the tank compared to Texas' 1950 output (933 million). But the vision of Alberta's future is not far-fetched. Area alone is not a definitive factor, of course, but Alberta's oil lands are larger than Texas' great oil basin. And in the north are the great Athabasca tar sands, where an estimated 200 billion bbls. of oil, more than double the world's known reserve, lie locked in an asphalt-like sandbed. Already, Alberta oil is flowing fast enough to fill a third of Canada's needs. It is pipelined across the continent for industrial Ontario; soon, through refineries at Superior and Duluth, it will pour into the oil-hungry areas of Wisconsin and Minnesota. And all this has been accomplished in four years, with only the first big gush from the wells. For Alberta, the brimming best is yet to come.

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MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

# PEOPLE

## The Inside Dope

At the Denver convention of the C.I.O. Oil Workers' International, Guest Speaker **Walter Reuther** laid down the auto workers' political line for 1952: "The 80th Congress, once lambasted by President Truman as the worst in history, looks like a New Deal Congress compared to this nosemeat 82nd Congress . . . Ford went down in history as who took the horse off America's streets . . . This Congress will be noted for having restored the horse to the American table."

In London, Cinematress **Elizabeth Taylor**, who once explained that her marriage to Conrad Hilton Jr. went on the rocks because she had "the body of a woman and the emotions of a child," announced that the two were just about on a par now, that she was "mentally equipped" at 19 to try marriage again. Said she: "It's maturity that counts. I am definitely in favor of marriage."

A reporter in Waltham, Mass., wanted to know how former White House resident Fala, now 13 years old, was getting along. Said **Eleanor Roosevelt**: "Well, he's old and grey, but he's well. He still goes walking with us at Hyde Park, but the walks have to be shorter now. He snores quite loudly and sleeps later than he used to, but he's still a fine dog."

## Curtain Call

A nursery near London announced that a delicate mauve orchid, developed in 1942 and christened **Marshal Stalin**, had been renamed. The new name: **General George Patton**.

**Charles Chaplin**, who likes to cast his pictures with relatively unknown actresses (e.g., **Paulette Goddard** in *Modern Times*), followed his custom again. After

an interview and screen test, he picked London-born Claire Bloom, a 20-year-old blonde, to star in his new film *Limelight*, scheduled for fall production. Evacuated to the U.S. with other British children during the war, Claire returned home, joined the Oxford Repertory Theater, two years later won her first big-time applause as a fragile Ophelia. The news that she was Chaplin's choice came at the end of a successful London run in *Ring Round the Moon*. Her reaction: "I could drop dead this moment."

For his "historic contribution to the American motion picture," the Hollywood Screen Producers Guild presented a silver laurel wreath to Movie Veteran **Jesse Lasky**, 71. After the ceremony, Lasky, who once played a professional comet and had an ambition to play in Sousa's band, gave the audience a sample of his old showmanship: a stirring rendition of



FALA  
He snores.



Associated Press

HUMPHREY BOGART & FAMILY  
They went through nothing.

Africa." I thought of all he'd been through, and then I blushed like a schoolgirl and said: "It was nothing, general. It was really nothing at all."

For **Mrs. Douglas MacArthur** there was a tribute of sorts, too. A Manhattan suit designer was inspired to present her with a scroll as "Outstanding Little Woman" of the Year, whose "constancy and devotion to her husband and whose outstanding ability to dress exactly right for every occasion has provided inspiration to little women in every part of the world."

## Hands Across the Sea

U.S. Minister to Luxembourg **Perle Mesta** arrived in Stockholm "to learn and enjoy as much as I can," almost at once found something she enjoyed. Said she: "I love your red cows. They remind me of our Middle West. I wish I could take one home with me."

Radio Comic **Fred Allen** wore his saddest face to London, where he talked to reporters about laughs and life. Said he: "I'm the poor man's Will Rogers. There's more poor men than rich men so I have a chance of lasting a long, long time . . . Over in Hollywood, everything gets exaggerated, including people's ideas of themselves. We live in New York. People there are normal-sized. We aim eventually just to live in oblivion and get to the grave without confusion . . . I'm a sad man. I've been leading mourner at the death of more jokes than any man alive."

Williamsburg, Va., dressed up in its 200-years-best to welcome the visiting Lord Mayor of London, **Sir Denys Lowson**, 45, the youngest to hold office since **Dick Whittington** took the oath at the age of 38. On a good-will visit to "knit closer together the bonds of friendship," he closed the four-day pageant by leading a parade of mayors from the colonial capitals of the 13 original states.



CLARE BLOOM  
She could drop dead.

\* 5 ft. 7 in.

† For other news of Williamsburg, see EDUCATION.

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## SPORT

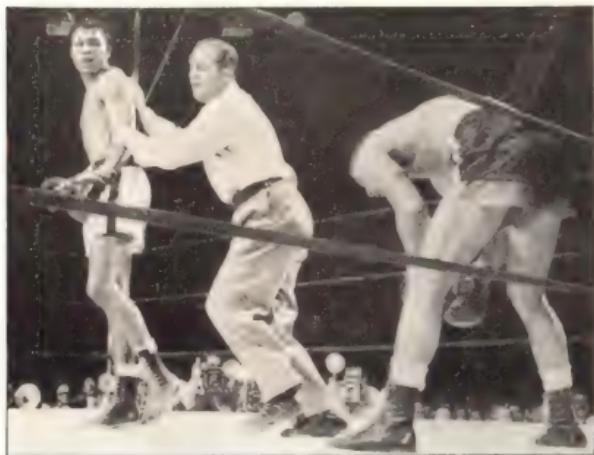
### ... And Champion Again

When Sugar Ray Robinson lost his world middleweight crown in London two months ago to Britain's Randy Turpin, the question rose on both sides of the Atlantic: Was Robinson getting too old for the ring? (He is 31.) One evening last week 61,370 fight fans jammed into New York's Polo Grounds\* to learn the answer. Though U.S. bettors had made ex-Champion Robinson a 2-to-1 favorite, there were plenty of skeptics and loyal Britons (including Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks, who wired his best wishes from Washingt-

between his shoulders, he moved onto the offensive. In the seventh, Robinson was plainly tiring; in the eighth and ninth, Turpin took charge.

Then, in the first seconds of the tenth, the two fighters collided in mid-ring. Robinson backed off, blood streaming from a 1½-inch gash above his left eye. As he said in the dressing room afterward, he knew then it was "do or die." He charged in with both arms driving, shook Turpin with a right uppercut, then floored him with another.

After a nine count, Turpin gamely got up for more. A wiser fighter might have



International

REFEREE STOPPING THE ROBINSON-TURPIN FIGHT  
"That little pause—the little delay. That's age."

ton) who were sure that Randy would take him again.

**Count of Nine.** By the end of the ninth round, it looked as though they were right. As smoothly aggressive as ever, Robinson danced in against his opponent,† stabbing with his lightning left, dancing away from Turpin's awkward counters, bouncing back with his famed flurry of rights and lefts, to take the first four rounds on points. But somehow his legs had lost their old spring, his long lefts failed to connect. Turpin shook off the punches that did land, and began crowding in. Hooking when he should have jabbed, jabbing when he should have hooked, his head sometimes a craning target, sometimes sunk

taken another knockdown and waited out the storm. Robinson flurried him across the ring. In the next 31 savage seconds, with Turpin sagging helplessly, propped against the ropes, Robinson landed 25 blows, chopping at Turpin's jaw, switching to the body, sailing away again at the head. Somehow Turpin stayed on his feet. But the end had come. With only eight seconds to go in the round, the referee stepped between the fighters and mercifully stopped the match.

**Time to Retire?** The bad news reached England around 3 a.m. The first reactions conditioned by weeks of pre-match gibes at unfair Yankee boxing rules and prejudiced officials, added up to "most peculiar." Next day's headlines proclaimed: "Turpin says: 'I could have fought on!'" But later, when Britons took a hard look at the fight movies, the tune quickly changed to a chorus of: "I say the referee was justified . . ."

Robinson had shown that he is no has-been—not yet, anyhow. Reflecting on his own mistakes, however, he diagnosed "that

\* In eleven other U.S. cities, 31,510 moviegoers saw the bout on television in movie theaters. Total receipts: more than \$800,000—biggest gate ever drawn by a non-heavyweight bout.

† Who was wearing two sets of trunks: over his old blue-and-gold pair, a black pair, with white stripes to give a sharper television image.

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little pause—the little delay. That's age." After a couple of title defenses in the U.S. and a rubber match with Britain's Turpin, he is thinking about retiring next year. So, oddly enough, is 23-year-old Randy Turpin, according to London's *Evening Standard*: "I mean what I say, I shall pack up in September 1952. I don't care how much money is involved. I'm not going to finish up punch-drunk or any other kind of drunk."

## Wrong-Way Swimmer

Gertrude Ederle, now 44, was the first woman to swim the English Channel, in 1926. Since then, a dozen women have followed in her wake from France to Britain. Last year a 31-year-old stenographer



FLORENCE CHADWICK  
She stroked the cat.

from San Diego named Florence Chadwick topped the Ederle record by swimming the distance in 13 hr. 20 min. (*Time*, Aug. 21, 1950). But until last week no woman, and only nine men, had ever swum the Channel eastward from Dover to Cap Gris-Nez, the 21-mile stretch which, like a cat, hates to be stroked the wrong way.

For eleven weeks Florence Chadwick waited in Dover to try. In a little seaside hotel she fortified her 140 lbs. on a starchy English diet, gobbled calorie-packed fudge and ice cream between meals, swam three or four hours every day. After an evening of gin rummy, she turned in promptly at 9:30. As the weeks wore on, with no slackening of the rough waters, Florence would stare gloomily out the window at the spiteful grey sea.

One night last week Florence and her father decided that there was no point in waiting any longer. In a soupy fog, with the tides unfavorable and the waves white-



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TIME, SEPTEMBER 24, 1951

capped. Florence helped smear herself with chill-cutting grease, adjusted her suction-cupped goggles and waded into the black water off Dover. Three hours out, she was a very sick girl. Said father Chadwick: "She was vomiting every third stroke." Pills did not help, but finally one of her trainers spotted the jinx: fumes from a leaky gasoline line of an accompanying motorboat. Florence recovered as soon as the boat drew away. While her pilot boat almost lost her in the fog, Florence's father took one pill after another to ease the strain on his own weak heart. Finally, after 16 hr., 22 min., he got the best tonic of all (and a 60th birthday present): Florence felt the sand of France beneath her, dragged herself ashore at Sangatte, three miles south of Calais.

A few boys on the beach raced cheering to the spot. Soon tiny Sangatte's deputy mayor arrived and, in the confusion of tongues, thought he was welcoming Denmark's Elsa Andersen, another Channel swimmer, who had not even started. But that night, back in the Dover hotel, everyone knew that Florence had become the first of her sex to make it the hard way. Gazing out the same window at the sea, Swimmer Chadwick announced: "I'm feeling fine."

### The Giant Killer

The unknowns who turn up at the National Amateur golf tournament often run short of clean clothes if they unexpectedly survive the opening rounds. In Bethlehem, Pa., last week, sandy-haired Billy Maxwell, 22, captain of the North Texas State College golf team, had brought along "three pairs of pants and not much else." Still in the running after the third day's play, Joe Gagliardi, a 39-year-old lawyer who has never won the championship at his own Winged Foot Club in Mamaroneck, N.Y., sent home for more shirts, his wife & five children. At week's end, after shooting all the big guns in the field, Maxwell and Gagliardi faced each other in the finals.

Behind Gagliardi lay Defending Champion Sam Uretzka, 1949 Champion Charley Coe, and National Junior Champ Tommy Jacobs, at 16 the youngest golfer ever to reach the men's semifinals. Walker Cupper Frank Stranahan and 1951 British Amateur Titleholder Dick Chapman had already fallen in earlier rounds. Young Billy Maxwell blasted his way into the last round by knocking off 250-lb. Pittsburgh Realtor Jack Benson.

For the final 36-hole round over the Saticoy Valley Country Club course, a gallery of 5,000 turned out to watch the giant killers fight it out. Playing with the handicap of three painfully abscessed teeth, cool Joe Gagliardi took a one-up lead over Billy by the end of the first nine, lost it on the next hole. Then, on the 203-yard 14th hole, Billy uncorked a shot that broke Gagliardi's heart, if not his spirit. With his opponent only 7 ft. from the pin on his drive, Maxwell wedged his ball from a trap toward the cup, 40 ft. away. It dribbled in for a birdie 2. Gagliardi missed his seven-footer, went one down, trailed Billy all the way home. After



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### Wins top award for Hounds at largest West Coast show!

Handler Jerry Rigen shows off Champion Derbydach's Schatze at the Harbor Cities Kennel Club Dog Show, Long Beach, Calif. Says Rigen, "Nearly two hundred Dachshunds were competing at this show and Schatze not only won the Best of Breed award but went on to win the Hound Group award, too. Now her record of group wins stretches from coast to coast. So you can be sure she's in excellent condition. Her diet is the best there is—Armour's Dash Dog Food. Dash is fortified with liver, the richest of all meats. No wonder I think it's best! Start your dog on Dash today!"

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he calmly halved the 33rd hole to win, 4 and 3, the new champion (and youngest since 1924 when Bobby Jones, also 22, won the Amateur) tugged at his old white cap and said: "I must be dreaming."

Then Billy Maxwell accepted his big silver cup from Steelmaker Eugene G. Grace, chairman of the club's tournament



BILLY MAXWELL  
Three pairs of pants—and a cup.

committee. After the presentation Billy packed his two extra pairs of pants and prepared to head home to Texas, where he will go back to college next week as a business administration junior. Still a little bemused by his unexpected success, he grinned: "I didn't expect to get nowhere. I just came up to see and play a little golf."

### Who Won

Australia's Frank Sedgman, new U.S. National men's singles champion, and Maureen Connolly, new National women's singles queen (Time, Sept. 17), the Pacific Southwest tennis championships; in Los Angeles. Playing on the Los Angeles Tennis Club's cement courts, Sedgman swept to his victory in the final over Cincinnati's Tony Trabert, 6-3, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4, while Maureen, a day short of her 17th birthday, defeated Santa Monica's Beverly Baker, 9-7, 6-4.

Professional Golfer Betsy Rawls, 23, of Austin, Texas, the Women's National Open, with a 72-hole total score of 293; in Atlanta. In third place with a 299; veteran Professional Mildred ("Babe") Zaharias, who only last month helped cure Winner Rawls of a fast-developing slice. Choate Webster, 26, of Lenapah, Okla., and his horse Popcorn, permanent possession of the \$5,000 Sam Jackson silver trophy; at the Pendleton, Ore. Roundup. For the third year in a row, Cowpoke Webster topped the field in steer roping, calf roping, and bulldogging, became the first cowboy to retire one of the most coveted awards of the rodeo circuit.

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The Search for the *Affray*

The British Admiralty last week explained how it had finally located the hulk of the submarine *Affray*, which sank last April with its crew of 75 men and officers (TIME, April 30). It had not been a diver who first spotted the missing vessel, but the sharp eye of an underwater television camera, peering about the rocky bottom of the English Channel.

The discovery of the *Affray* was the first practical application of underwater TV by the Royal Navy. After two years of experimental tests, British scientists succeeded in mounting a TV camera in a watertight container specially welded to withstand high pressure at extreme depths, added a pipe frame containing powerful searchlights, and connected the apparatus to a salvaging ship with a coaxial cable.

The search for the *Affray* took 59 days, covered a 1,000-sq.-mi. Channel area where sonic gear marked the position of more than 90 different wrecks. Each time, the camera was lowered away. Sitting comfortably in the captain's cabin, the Navy diver needed only a glance at the TV screen to see that most of the wrecks were old fishing boats or coal barges.

On the 59th day the sonic gear picked up another marker in the undersea graveyard. Over went the camera, 285 feet down off the island of Alderney. Onto the screen came the image of a submarine's conning tower. As the camera swept along the hull, the brass name plate came into focus: *Affray*.

## Troubled Minds

With the help of such suave know-it-alls as John J. Anthony, radio has for years made a sideshow out of people in trouble. More like a lecture than a sideshow, *What's On Your Mind?* (Tues., 8 p.m., ABC-TV) is one television show that seriously considers the neuroses of troubled people. Twenty of its 30 minutes are given to the filmed story of a mental-health problem; the remaining ten minutes show a panel discussion by Moderator Isabel Leighton and her guests: a psychiatrist and two laymen.

The films, cut down from U.S., British and Canadian documentaries, are expertly cast and thoroughly realistic. Last week's film, *Why Won't Tommy Eat?*, suggested that capricious appetite is more likely to come from family tensions than from a dislike of certain foods. In *Emotional Health*, a young man discovered that his heart pains could be traced to his feeling of insecurity at being separated from his parents. In *This Charming Couple*, a pair of newlyweds were shown to be in love, not with each other, but with the image of what each wanted the other to be.

The discussion period following the films suffers from the common TV complaint of too many participants, too little time, too much simplification. But the experts are uncommonly successful at stripping away some of the witch-doctor

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illusions about psychiatry, and at blasting psychoanalytic clichés ("Oddly enough, children from happy homes are sometimes the most unfit; they take their parents' happiness for granted and don't learn what hard work goes into it").

Blonde, 43-year-old Isabel Leighton, who edited a 1949 bestseller, *The Aspirin Age*, is an ex-war correspondent and actress who first took up psychiatry as a hobby six years ago. Now a board member of the Menninger Foundation, and the National Association for Mental Health, she aims to keep *What's On Your Mind?* on a non-technical plane that any troubled layman can understand.

### The New Shows

**Author! Author!** (Mon. 8 p.m., ABC-TV) is a variation on an old theme: the amateur talent show. This time the chance for limited fame and limited fortune (\$100) goes to would-be playwrights. On the opening show, after a performance of Robert Latta's *Love Story*, Moderator Marc Connally and a panel of experts told the aspiring dramatist what was right and what was wrong with his play. Their criticism ranged from the vague ("I think it's a pretty good job") to the picayune ("No character should be made to say, 'Get out or I'll have you thrown out,' unless there's someone around big enough to do it"). But, at \$100 a script, it is a cheap way of meeting TV's ravenous demand for new material.

**The Frances Langford-Don Ameche Show** (weekdays, noon, ABC-TV) goes on for 60 minutes, haphazardly packed with songs, dance teams, dramatic skits, interviews that range from cover girls to Korean war veterans, and the commercials of three sponsors. Like Bert Parks, his daytime TV rival, Don Ameche alternately pouts and twinkles roguishly at the viewers. By treating him as just a big silly boy, Frances Langford makes an appropriately maternal teammate.

### Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Sept. 21. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

#### RADIO

**Screen Directors' Playhouse** (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). *No Man of Her Own*, with Barbara Stanwyck.

**Senator Robert Taft** (Fri. 11:30 p.m., CBS). Subject: "Spending and Inflation."

**Game of the Week** (Sat. 2:45 p.m., ABC). Football: Oregon State v. Michigan State.

**Theatre Guild on the Air** (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *This Woman Business*, with David Niven, Margaret Phillips.

#### TELEVISION

**All Star Revue** (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Ed Wynn, Joan Blondell, Valerie Bettis.

**Faye Emerson's Wonderful Town** (Sat. 9 p.m., CBS). Salute to Pittsburgh, with Maxine Sullivan, William Eythe, Jackie Heller.

**Comedy Hour** (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Ezio Pinza and Milton Berle.



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## SCIENCE

### Wings over Britain

Britons were flocking last week, as eager as race fans, to the R.A.F. experimental station at Farnborough, 33 miles southwest of London. The twelfth annual show of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, billed as "the most spectacular aviation display ever held in Britain," turned out to be just that. Britain's aircraft constructors, slipping aside the wraps of military security, really had something to display.

One big attraction was the cigar-shaped, swept-wing Hawker P-1067 interceptor-fighter, powered by a Rolls-Royce turbojet and touted as the "fastest fighter in the world." To show what the P-1067 can do, Hawker's chief test pilot, Neville Duke, opened the throttle and snapped his plane low over the runway at 15 m.p.h. faster than the official world record (670 m.p.h.), held by the U.S.'s F-86 Sabre. The whip-cracking sound of its passage hit the crowd like an explosion and knocked a microphone out of an announcer's hand.

**Star of the Show.** The Supermarine 508, a two-jet carrier-borne fighter, seemed just about as fast. Designed by Joe Smith, whose best-known plane is the famous Spitfire fighter of World War II, it has thin straight wings and a "butterfly tail" with two hinged sections at 45° from the vertical which function both as elevators and rudders.

But the star of the show was the Vickers Valiant, a four-jet, swept-wing bomber, which British airmen are already calling "the aircraft of the year." It has more range, speed, altitude and load-carrying capacity than the Canberra, which holds the speed record over the Atlantic and is being mass-produced for the U.S. Air Force by Glenn L. Martin Co. in Baltimore.

Powerful and streamlined, the Valiant looks like an overgrown fighter, with its four jets so completely buried in the wing-roots that it seems to have no engines at all. Said one U.S. Air Force officer: "The damned thing looks as if it were going 600 m.p.h. when it's just sitting still on the runway."

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"Topical" Press Agency Ltd.

**Planes of the Future.** The P-1067, Supermarine 508 and Vulture have already reached the production stage. Other standouts: the four-jet Short SA-4 bomber, the Vickers Supermarine Swift, giant cargo-carrying, turbo-prop torpedo planes, transports and helicopters. Britain also has newer designs still being developed.

During the show, two tiny delta-wing jets, the Avro 707-B and the Boulton Paul P-111, whizzed past the stands with amazing maneuverability. They looked like boys' paper darts, but they flew so fast that they had to land with parachute drags. Many British experts believe that airplanes like them will dominate the future. Britain's Minister of Supply, George R. Strauss (who lets all British aircraft contracts), calls the delta-wings "maybe the most important new factor in aeronautics."

The Farnborough show left Britons feeling pleased and proud. Always strong on jet engines (e.g., the Rolls-Royce Avon), Britain proved with its show last week that its designers are now producing military aircraft the equal or superior of any in the world.

### Plant Fever

Sick plants are like sick children. They get hot and feverish when they don't feel well. Last week the University of California's Professor C. E. Yarwood told how he put leaves of healthy plants in a well-insulated container and measured their temperature after four hours. He found that the respiration of the leaves (their "breathing" of oxygen) had raised their temperature at most 2.7° F. above the outside air. Then he put sick leaves, infected with virus or fungus diseases, in the chamber. In four hours they were running temperatures up to 6.3° F. Sick leaves. Dr. Yarwood believes, breathe more oxygen than healthy ones, and the added oxygen brings on the fever.

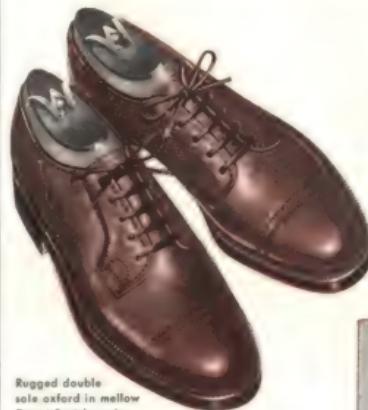
### Buried Missile

At his desk in the University of Toronto last week, a geologist, Victor Ben Meen, was drafting his report on the first big expedition to the Chubb Crater in far northern Canada. He was already satisfied on one point: the crater was almost certainly made by a great meteorite, perhaps 150 ft. in diameter, that plunged into the Canadian tundra and then exploded, many thousands of years ago.

The Chubb Crater and the lake that now fills it will never be a handy tourist attraction like Arizona's meteorite crater near Canyon Diablo. It is close to Hudson Strait, on a granite plain so desolate that even arctic animals prefer to live somewhere else. Discovered by Prospector Fred W. Chubb (who noticed its telltale circular shape in an air photo), it was briefly explored by Geologist Meen in the summer of 1950 (TIME, Aug. 14, 1950) with inconclusive results. He decided that it had not been caused by a volcanic explosion or glacial action; but there was no positive proof that it had been caused by a meteor.

Last summer's expedition, financed by

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GEOLIST MEEN & FRIEND AT CHUBB CRATER  
The mine detectors went wild.

the National Geographic Society, carried in a plane load of equipment and set out to find the evidence. Attempts to find fragments of nickel-iron from the meteorite were unsuccessful. The expedition's mine detectors (lent by the U.S. Army) were scarcely more useful: they gave too many indications, squealed excitedly whenever they were brought near an ordinary granite boulder. Apparently, said Geologist Meen, the granite of the region contains enough magnetic iron ore to drive a mine detector wild.

Then the expedition tried dragging powerful magnets over the ground, hoping to pick up fragments of nickel-iron. The soil around the Arizona crater is full of such stuff, but not one bit did they find near the Chubb Crater. Geologist Meen suspects that the Chubb meteorite may have been made largely of stone, which disintegrated on impact and drifted away as dust.

The final test, a magnetometer survey, was hastily completed just before the quick-coming arctic winter was about to close down. The scientists carried a sensitive magnetometer all around the crater, charting the magnetic lines of force. Under the northern rim they found what they were looking for: a "magnetic anomaly" indicating that a large mass of metal-bearing material lies buried far below the surface.

It was the exact spot where a buried meteorite should be. The northern rim of the crater is higher than the others, so the meteorite probably slanted down from the south, burying itself under the granite slightly to the north of the crater. This evidence, added to the shape of the lake and the "ripples" in the granite around it, convinces Dr. Meen that the crater is meteoric. If it is, it is the largest interplanetary shell hole (more than two miles across) that anyone has yet discovered on the earth's surface.

## Off-Color Doves

Hunters who see an off-color dove this shooting season should report it at once to the nearest wildlife authorities. It will not be a new species, just an ordinary, greyish-brown mourning dove that has been trapped and dipped in a tray of dye.

Last year Florida dyed 157 doves bright yellow. Some of them traveled 450 airline miles in six days, and were reported by baffled hunters as a cross "between doves and canaries." (Florida also dyes squirrels blue, and paints the backsides of deer with dye.) This year five Southern states will dye doves, each state using a different dye. Wildlife experts do not think that the bright colors will expose the doves to their natural enemies. But they hope to find out more about the migration habits of doves by making marked individuals easy to identify.

## Fox to the Rescue

Bermuda was celebrating a narrow escape from a hurricane last week. Hurricane "Easy" had roared up from the region north of Puerto Rico, curved toward the northeast, and was bearing down on Bermuda with house-smashing 160 m.p.h. winds. Tourists were huddled indoors behind boarded-up windows. Natives, expecting the worst, had battened down all hatches. Then "Easy" swerved sharply toward the east, its center missing Bermuda by 80 miles. At the same time, the force of its winds diminished. Bermuda got only a mild gale that blew down a few banana trees.

The gallant knight that rescued Bermuda was a second hurricane, "Fox," that followed a converging course to the east.

\* The U.S. Weather Bureau names hurricanes alphabetically "Able," "Baker," "Charlie," etc., according to the order of their appearance each season.

ward, farther out in the Atlantic. When the two storms were 450 miles apart, they began to come under the "Fujihara Effect"—the tendency of two approaching hurricanes to waltz around each other (*see diagram*).

A hurricane is a great doughnut of wind and cloud that revolves (in the northern hemisphere) in a counter-clockwise direction. The winds that race toward and round the calm, low-pressure center of the storm are fed with air from the high-pressure areas outside the whirl.

The Japanese meteorologist Sakuhachi Fujihara observed that two hurricanes never collide, but when they come close enough they attract one another and swerve off their former courses. This is because the high-pressure area between them is exhausted by the sucking effect of the two circular storms. So the barometric pressure drops while the pressure outside the storm-pair remains high. This unbalanced condition pushes the two storms closer. At the same time, their violence decreases because of the lack of enough air pressure to keep them spinning as fast as before.

Then another process begins. The two spinning storms begin to move around one another. They never complete a full turn, but the waltzing motion diverts them from their courses. It was this providential swerving that saved Bermuda.



(Based on Hartford Claim #75396)

Our guests left at midnight and we had all gone to bed. About 2:30 a.m. I was awakened by a strange light. I got up and found the overstuffed chair in the living room in flames from a carelessly discarded cigarette. As my husband got our small daughter out of the house, a neighbor turned in the alarm. But before the fire could be brought under control, furnishings worth \$5,087.12 were destroyed. All we had was a \$3,000 Household Contents Insurance policy...which the Hartford paid us. But, by being under-insured, we lost \$2,087.12!

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# Tall Tale

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## DOW CORNING SILICONE NEWS NEW FRONTIER EDITION SIXTH OF A SERIES

# EDUCATION

## Back to School

U.S. schools and colleges opened their doors last week to a record enrollment of 33,121,000. The nation's classrooms, badly crowded last year, were clogged with 418,000 more pupils than ever before. One reason for the record: colleges, which had feared a 60% drop when the G.I. Bill of Rights went out and the draft came in, lost fewer than 275,000 students (11%) under the present deferment policy.

## Oxford v. Cambridge

Norman St. John-Stevens, 22, is no ordinary Briton. He is not merely "Oxford"; nor is he really "Cambridge"; by the end of the year, he will have a bachelor's degree from both. In the London Spectator last week, he turned his double vision



Hogarth

**OXONTANS (BY HOGARTH)**  
Cambridge is a sensible place.

on an ancient riddle: just what are the differences between the two?

Cambridge, he found, "is a matter-of-fact, down-to-earth, sensible university. It is still defiantly progressive and somewhat less defiantly Protestant. Oxford . . . is very much the city of dreaming spires, the home of lost causes, Catholic and conservative in its deepest roots."

"Eccentricity is frowned on at Cambridge; at Oxford it is a cult. Poetry flourishes at Oxford; philosophy finds its home in Cambridge. Oxford undergraduates have a certain brilliance; their conversation sparkles; they are intimately concerned with their inner reactions and feelings. Cambridge undergraduates are more concerned with their relations with their fellow men; they get on with the job and leave the devils, or the angels, hidden away inside . . ."

"Oxford is undoubtedly . . . the more fashionable university. Rich undergraduates, a rapidly diminishing class, tend to go there . . . Done mix easily with Cambridge undergraduates; at Oxford they sit

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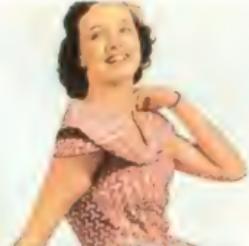
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in an ivory tower. Port is drunk in Oxford; light table wines and sherry at Cambridge.

"Architecturally, Cambridge is to Oxford what Paris is to Rome. In Cambridge, as in Paris, everything is on show, and the whole is laid out to the best advantage. Oxford, like Rome, abounds in beauty, but it is a hidden beauty that must be sought for. Cambridge is a delightful country town . . . Oxford bears the unmistakable marks of a modern industrial city . . . Industrialization has forced the university to retreat into itself and so be saved from city inundation. College loyalties are thereby strengthened, but between town and gown there is a severance and a tension that Cambridge has never known."



George Skadding—Life  
WILLIAM & MARY'S POMFRET  
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### Resignation at Williamsburg

The last thing President Pomfret seemed to care about was a big-time football team. Though he looked more like a small-town banker than a scholar, John Edwin Pomfret had won a solid reputation as a historian at the University of South Carolina and Princeton long before he came to Virginia's ancient\* College of William and Mary (enrollment 1,800). When William and Mary called him in 1942, he was dean of the graduate school at Vanderbilt University. His plan for W. & M.: to give it one of the first-rate academic programs in the South.

But John Pomfret was almost too academic for his own good. The things that began to boom loudest on the shady Williamsburg campus were the things he concerned himself with least. For the first time, the football team began to take on such powerhouses as Michigan State and Boston University. The basketball team played in Madison Square Garden.

\* The three oldest U.S. colleges: Harvard, chartered 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701.



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Attention of Mrs. Breen.

Dear Sir:

My sincere thanks to your organization for the extremely prompt and courteous attention you gave me in connection with the accident to my car when a tree fell on it during the windstorm on Saturday. As I told you on the telephone, transportation to and from work is very important for my husband and myself. Actually, I was without the use of a car for only four days, just three of which were working days.

I notified you on Monday morning, the Insurance Adjuster saw my car and visited me the same day, at which time we came to an agreement. On Tuesday, the Continental Insurance Co. delivered to you a check for \$1200 in settlement, which enabled me to arrange with Jericho Motors, Mineola, for delivery of a car the same day. On Wednesday morning I drove to work in a new car. The cost to me was over \$700, but I am so thankful not to be paying it out in doctor's bills (I was not hurt in the accident) and so pleased at the cooperation I received from your company, from the Continental and unimportant under the circumstances.

Thank you again for your fine cooperation.

Sincerely,

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(Mrs. S. E.)



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William and Mary's varsity teams began to make news.

Last July, the news turned sour. Williamsburg began to hear ugly rumors about the athletic department. Football Coach Rube McCray and Basketball Coach Barney Wilson suddenly resigned. At that point, the Board of Visitors decided to investigate. The board found that, as far back as 1949, the athletic department had been falsifying the high-school transcripts of promising athletes to make sure they would get into the college. And last spring, Dean Nelson Marshall had found that the department had been giving unearned credits in physical education. But it was not until July, just before the two coaches resigned, that the president got around to summoning them to an inquiry. Meanwhile, he had even recommended Coach McCray for a promotion—to a lifetime tenure as a full professor of physical education.

To the Board of Visitors the administration seemed clearly guilty of negligence: "The entire situation is one which could and should have been handled with dispatch." Last week President Pomfret took the board's statement as a vote of no-confidence, handed in his resignation.

#### Who Started Cock Robin?

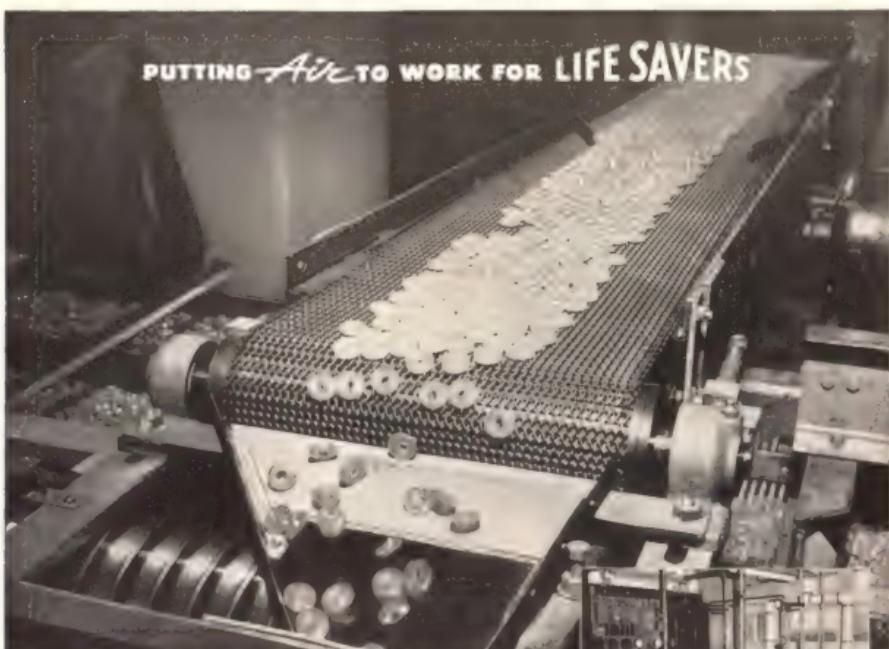
Where did they all come from—the familiar names and faces which populate the world's nurseries and schoolrooms: the Little Jack Horner, the Georgie Porgies, the old women who live in shoes? Last week Britain's grown-ups were getting the scholarly lowdown from an authoritative reference book: the Oxford University Press's new *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*.

Editors Iona and Peter Opie spent seven years looking through haystacks of dairies, letters, books and plays to find their needling rhymes & riddles. They dug into the histories of kings and queens, wits and wags, drunks and druids, consulted everyone from George Bernard Shaw to their own children, aged six and four.

As Old as Rome. Some rhymes, they found, are at least as old as the city of Rome. Horace described little children playing *Rex erit qui recte faciet*—the first version of "I'm the king of the castle." Petronius heard a small boy say *Bucca, bucca, quot sunt hic?*, which later became "Buck she, buck she, buck / How many fingers do I hold up?" At least one rhyme in nine, say the Opies, was known in the time of Charles I; a good half are at least 200 years old.

The early counting of Yarmouth shepherds (*ina, mina, tethera, metheira*) became "Eena, meena, mina, mo"; and Westmorland's *hevera, devera, dick* (eight, nine and ten) is the most likely origin of "Hickory, dickory, dock." In the 18th Century, "Hot Cross Buns / One a penny / Two a penny" was a street vendor's cry. "Baa, baa, black sheep / Have you any wool?" probably dates back to the export tax imposed on wool in 1275. The "Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie" goes back to the Renaissance, when live birds really were put in pies, ready to

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72

fly out when the pie was cut, to cause  
a "diverting Hurley-Burley amongst the  
Guests."

Out of the Barracks. Most rhymes, the Opies learned, were never intended for children. "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John" was a 17th Century Popish prayer; "Go to bed, Tom" was once a barracks ditty, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" possibly had a "religious background . . . a word-picture of Our Lady's Convent" . . . the bells being the sanctus bells, the cockleshells the badges of the pilgrims, and the pretty maids the nuns . . ."

Only a few rhymes have known authors (e.g., Dr. Johnson, who one day suddenly spouted: "If a man who turnips cries / Cry not when his father dies / It is proof that he would rather / Have a turnip than his father"). Many were satire. Some rhyme scholars believe that the downfall



LITTLE JACK HOPNER  
In the pie, a gift for Henry VIII.

of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry—popularly known as the "Robinsonade"—gave rise to "Who killed Cock Robin?", and that Georgie Porgie was really King George I.

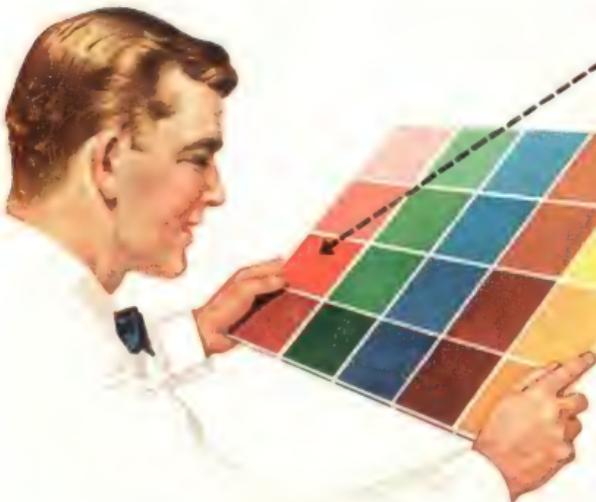
As for Little Jack Horner, he was very likely the thieving steward of Glastonbury Abbey during the reign of Henry VIII. "The story goes," say the Opies, "that at the time of the Dissolution, the abbot . . . sent his steward to [Henry VIII] with a Christmas gift: a pie in which were hidden the title deeds of twelve manors. On the journey, Jack Horner is said to have opened the pie and extracted the deed of the Manor of Mells . . . His descendants live there to this day."

## Wastebaskets at Yale

Yalemen, left maidless last spring in a university economy wave (TIME, May 28), learned what to expect in the year ahead. Janitors will now empty wastebaskets only every other day instead of every day, will vacuum rugs only once a month,

TIME, SEPTEMBER 24, 1951

# what color will RED be?



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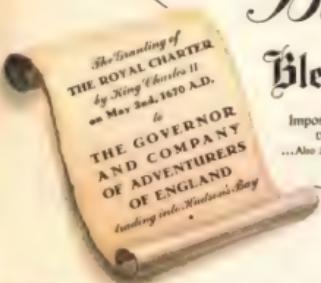


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With the Merrie Monarch on this historic occasion were Prince Rupert of the Rhine (first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company), the Duke of York (later King James II) and John Churchill, later renowned as the Duke of Marlborough.



## THE PRESS

### Catholic Censorship

When Monsignor Edward Westenberger spotted an article called "Margaret Sanger: Mother of Planned Parenthood" in the July *Reader's Digest* (circ. 15 million), he saw his duty and did it. As director of parochial schools of the Catholic Diocese of Green Bay, Wis., Westenberger banned the *Digest* from the 125 schools under his supervision. The offending article, said he, was "unpatriotic, un-Christian, and vicious propaganda."

Last week the leftist *Nation*, which has seldom found itself on the same side of the fence as the conservative *Digest*, dropped a crocodile tear as it extended its "professional sympathy, somewhat ruefully." Said the *Nation*: "[Monsignor Westenberger's] epithets . . . must have caused a shudder in Pleasantville."

### People Like Pictures

"In these rather hectic days of stress and strain we are happy to point out that there is one little magazine in the world (ours) which feels that the mere changing of seasons is a wonderful and momentous thing and we are glad that we have the facilities to record that change."

Thus, Editor Raymond Carlson this week introduced his *Arizona Highways* to the U.S. at large. For the first time, it blossomed out on newsstands across the nation, and dudes could see what its western readers have long known: that *Highways* is one of the prettiest byways among American monthlies.



U.S. Navy—International

A PLANE CRACK-UP like this is rare. So when International News Photos and Acme Newspictures spied this shot in *Naval Aviation News*, they hastily got prints from the Pentagon, wired them to papers across the U.S. last week. Their captions said that the F6F fighter was pulled apart by arresting gear as it landed on the carrier, U.S.S. Princeton. More than 100 papers printed the picture. What the picture services knew, but carefully did not say, was that the crash took place eight years ago, on the old Princeton, later sunk at Leyte. One I.N.P. editor breezily explained: "Things are awfully slow . . . If I had put in the date, nobody would have used the picture—and it did get a big play."

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When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

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# POLIDENT

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THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

Higgins took a look at another group of G.I.s and clucked her tongue. She wrote from Frankfurt that some soldiers in the U.S. occupation forces are brawling, ravenous boors who whistle and shout "Kommen Sie her!" from street corners at every passing fräulein. Such carryings-on may have been understandable right after the war, wrote Correspondent Higgins, but now it is inexcusable, and hardly the way to make friends and influence the Germans against the Reds.

Last week the *Army Times*, an unofficial service weekly, immediately set up a raucous shout from its own street corner. Said the *Times*: Miss Higgins had tied a 15-in. column "of nothing to a nubbin of something that may or may not have happened and cabled it off at press rates just in time to catch the first whisky sour at



Carl Mydans—Life  
CORRESPONDENT HIGGINS  
"Kommen Sie her."

the Carlton bar . . . We spent a month recently in Frankfurt and other parts of Germany. We must confess that not once did we hear a soldier shout "Kommen Sie her!" . . . Yet Miss Higgins, pausing briefly in her flight to elsewhere, is right in the thick of things.

"Of course, it has occurred to us that someone did shout this phrase—but at Maggie, in the belief she was a fräulein—and she resented it. Or that no one took the trouble to shout at her, and she resented that . . . What we would really like some time is to have Miss H. do a piece on 'The Foreign Correspondent and the Three-Hour Lunch,' or 'Making a Headline with Angostura,' or 'How to Write Out of Your Hat.' Not that she would have personal experience in any of these directions, but there is plenty of such material in all the press clubs of Europe. Besides, who needs material?"

Not the *Army Times* apparently. For its caterwauling at hard-working Correspondent Higgins seemed to be tied to a nubbin of nothing at all.

*The Great College Romance*

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 24, 1951

## Too Many Papers in L. A.?

The Newspaper Guild began dickering last week for a new contract with the Los Angeles *Daily News* (circ. 224,239). It got some bad news. Associate Publisher Bob Smith told the Guild that staffers would get small raises, but that 53 employees (ten of them newsmen) would have to be fired to economize. He made it clear that unless the Guild agreed, the *News* might have to shut up shop.

The Guild talked management into keeping at least nine of the 53 (all janitors), and reluctantly agreed to the dismissal of some of the others. No Newsmen need have been surprised that his paper was in a fix. In the past three years advertising has gone up 7%, but circulation has dropped 25%. The *News*, California's only big-city Democratic daily, lopped off three editions, and 100 employees last year, this year has already lost \$250,000.

Like all U.S. dailies, the *News* is plagued by mounting newsprint prices and production costs. And its newest, breeziest competitor, the three-year-old afternoon tabloid *Mirror*, is taking more & more of its readers and ads.

But the *News* is not the only Los Angeles paper to feel the pinch. Hearst's morning *Examiner* has fired five news staffers in two weeks for "economy" and is close to being in the red. Hearst's afternoon *Herold-Express* is reportedly in the red. Of all Los Angeles papers only Norman Chandler's fat, old morning *Times* is coining money. But it too has its troubles. It is pumping its profits into the *Mirror*, which it owns. Despite the *Mirror's* fast growth, the tabloid is still losing money. It looked as if there might be one too many papers in Los Angeles.

## Parents' Parent

An excited Manhattan mother recently dialed the editor of *Parents' Magazine*. "My child didn't eat his breakfast this morning," said the mother. "What shall I do?" Clara Savage Littledale soberly answered: "Try him on lunch."

Such quick and sensible answers are always available from Editor Littledale of *Parents' Magazine*, a trim little 60-year-old woman who doesn't "like the idea of an inaccessible editor." This week, accessible Editor Littledale put out the 25th-anniversary issue (108 pages) of the monthly. She had helped to found. In its quarter century, she had made prosperous *Parents'* the soundest, bestselling guide (circ. 1,150,000) to the care & feeding of U.S. small fry.

"*Idiots Can Vote.*" Herself a mother of two and grandmother of one, Mrs. Littledale earned her blue pencil by starting as a cub reporter. Fresh from Smith College, she went to work on Oswald Garrison Villard's old New York *Evening Post*, and became its woman's-suffrage editor: "It was wonderful, just what I

\* An even more realistic prescription for the listless appetite: "Have a large family, and not quite enough to go round."



## Ready for Action

Flexible wire rope with the inbred stamina for heavy duty—that's Preformed Yellow Strand. Its tough steel wires are fabricated with the experience gained in 75 years of exclusive rope manufacture. They're ready for action on arrival and still ready after long service. Next time try Preformed Yellow Strand.

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please be sure the Rum  
Old Fashioneds are made with...

**Jamaica  
Rum**



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OLD  
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Rum, the traditional summer drink, is best enjoyed when Jamaican Rum is the base. Then your drink is always delicious and full of flavor. The rum, whether full-bodied or light-bodied, is always of the finest quality, distilled by the Jamaican method used since 1661. Always be sure "Jamaica" is used.

3 or 4 dashes Angostura, 1 lump sugar or tsp. syrup, 1 or 2 ice cubes, a twist of lemon peel or lemon slice, 1 jigger Jamaican Rum. Splash of soda, stir.

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Yours in the style, color, water repellent or waterproof fabric you like best.

AVAILABLE IN A WIDE RANGE OF  
POPULAR PRICES!



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I wanted to do." It was so wonderful that she became the suffragettes' pressagent, once paraded down Fifth Avenue with a sign which said "Insane and Idiots Can Vote. Why Can't I?" Later she joined *Good Housekeeping*, became its World War I correspondent ("I felt silly up near the front when I had to say I was from *Good Housekeeping*").

When young Publisher George Hecht was ready to launch *Children, the Magazine for Parents* in 1926 (the title was shaved to the *Parents' Magazine* three years later), he offered her the editorship. She soon found out that "editing" meant rewriting into readable form the pedantic prose of the medical and child-guidance experts who were and still are *Parents'* important contributors. She crusaded for better pay for teachers, school lunches, better health examinations for children,



Emil Reynolds  
EDITOR LITTLEDALE  
"Try him on lunch."

more thorough care and training for mothers.

**Little Adults.** Later, she added regular articles on marriage problems and housing ("for they all affect children, too"), children's books (which are pre-tested on young readers), movies and records. Editor Littledale also keeps a supervisory finger on *Parents'* byproduct publications: *Children's Digest*, 21 (for young men), *Compact* (for girls), *Your New Baby* and *Baby Care Manual* (for new mothers).

As *Parents'* has changed, so have its readers, and each partly because of the other. Said Clara Littledale: "Twenty-five years ago we adhered to a very rigid schedule in feeding and raising children. John B. Watson's theory of behaviorism was the thing at the time. It called for a very detached attitude . . . Raising a child today calls for being warm and affectionate and expressing love for the child . . . We thought they were little adults who were just being naughty; now we know they are children."

**Expansion has never stopped**

**... along the road we live on**



At Point Comfort, Texas, this shining "aluminum city" was completed by Alcoa early in 1950. Its  $18\frac{1}{2}$  acres of buildings were created in 19 months. Generating its own electricity from 120 Alcoa-designed engines burning natural gas, it was built to produce 114 million pounds of aluminum a year. That's enough to make 7,600 fighter planes, or 9,000,000 aluminum windows for homes. Work is already under way here on a 70-million-pound-a-year addition, to provide more aluminum for national defense and future aluminum living.

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For the 63-year record of Alcoa's expansion for national needs and national defense, turn the page →

# Expansion has never stopped

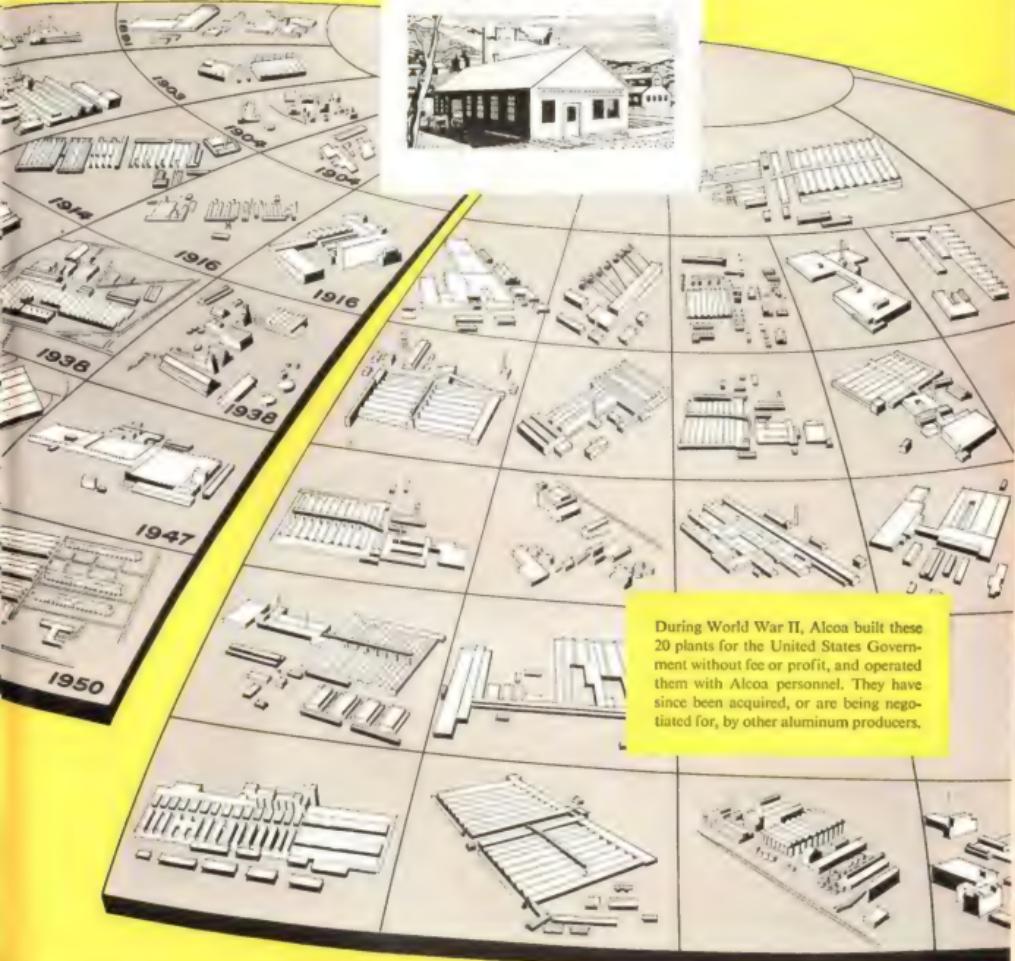
...along the road we live on



There were four young men, and all they had was a process, limited funds, and lots of get up and go. They started in a shed on Smallman Street in Pittsburgh, making aluminum at \$8.00 a pound. \*\* The only reason this little business grew is because they and their associates never stopped making aluminum more useful, and reducing its cost. Alcoa's 1951 ingot price is 19c a pound. \*\* As long as America remains what it is, any young man with similar ambitions can look at this picture and see in it a like opportunity for himself.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 2190J Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

# 1888



During World War II, Alcoa built these 20 plants for the United States Government without fee or profit, and operated them with Alcoa personnel. They have since been acquired, or are being negotiated for, by other aluminum producers.

These Alcoa plants are devoted to the refining, smelting and fabricating of aluminum only. Dates given mark the beginning of operations, in the original plants.

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| 1888—Pittsburgh, Pa.                 | 1940—Vancouver, Wash. (Smelting)   |
| 1891—New Kensington, Pa. (Furnacing) | 1941—Bridgeport, Conn. (Furnacing)   |
| 1903—Massena, N. Y. (Smelting)       | 1942—Alcoa, Tenn. (Furnacing)  |
| 1904—East St. Louis, Ill. (Smelting) | 1947—Cressona, Pa. (Furnacing)   |
| 1904—Massena, N. Y. (Furnacing)      | 1947—Richmond, Ind. (Furnacing)  |
| 1909—Detroit, Mich. (Furnacing)      | 1948—Hillsdale, Ill. (Furnacing)   |
| 1910—Buffalo, N. Y. (Furnacing)      | 1948—Davenport, Iowa (Furnacing)   |
| 1914—Alcoa, Tenn. (Smelting)         | 1948—Chillicothe, Ohio (Furnacing)   |
| 1916—Bedin, N. C. (Smelting)         | 1950—Point Comfort, Tex. (Smelting)  |
| 1916—Edgewater, N. J. (Furnacing)    | 1950—Vancouver, Wash. (Furnacing)  |
| 1917—Cleveland, Ohio (Furnacing)     | 1951—Massena, N. Y. (Smelting)   |
| 1920—Alcos, Tenn. (Furnacing)        | 1952—New alumina refinery will start operations at Bauxite, Ark.   |
| 1928—Garwood, N. J. (Furnacing)      | 1952—Present plans call for beginning of operations at the vast new Alcoa smelting plant at Wenatchee, Wash. |
| 1930—Vernon, Cal. (Furnacing)        |  |
| 1938—Mobile, Ala. (Smelting)         |  |
| 1938—Lafayette, Ind. (Furnacing)     |  |

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**EXCLUSIVE** features enable the Friden to perform more steps in figure-work *without operator decisions* than any other calculating machine ever developed.

To business firms and industrial plants—large or small, and no matter how specialized—Friden brings amazing short cuts in payroll calculations, invoicing, percentages, discounts. It speeds the figuring of taxes, interest, inventory, engineering . . . statistical work of every kind. *You have to see it to believe it!*

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The Friden Automatic Calculator "thinks"

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## MUSIC

### Disk Jockey Poll

Critical tastes of U.S. disk jockeys, as reported by *The Billboard* last week:

"Top Record of the Year": *How High the Moon* (The Les Paul-Mary Ford version).

"Favorite Standard Tune": *Stardust*.

"Top Band of the Year": Ray Anthony's.

"Top Vocalists of the Year": Doris Day, Perry Como.

"Favorite Classical Vocalists": Dorothy Kirsten, Mario Lanza.



Keystone

COMPOSER HONEGGER  
Unwanted: yesterday's corsets.

### Who Likes It Modern?

By general consent, Arthur Honegger, 59, is one of the two or three most important French composers alive. He has written five symphonies, two operas and dozens of other works. By his own admission, he finds the composition of music almost completely frustrating.

He has just published a book (*I Am a Composer*) in Paris. Excerpts:

¶ "I sincerely believe that a few years from now, music, as we know it, will have ceased to exist . . . Even today we can see what is happening. People no longer listen to 'music,' they go to watch the performance of a famous conductor or pianist."

¶ "The modern composer is a man who turns out a product that nobody wants. I would like to compare him to the manufacturer of old-fashioned hats, shoes and corsets, but with one little difference. The public doesn't want yesterday's hats, shoes and corsets . . . But in music, the public only wants the things that have been manufactured a hundred years ago . . . The first quality demanded of a composer is that he must be dead."

¶ "We all know that a man who is ex-

A large advertisement for New Departure ball bearings. The background is a dark blue gradient. In the center, there is a circular portrait of a man, likely Arthur Honegger, looking slightly to the side. The portrait is surrounded by several large, metallic ball bearings arranged in a circular pattern. A diagonal banner across the middle contains the text "The World's Work is Speeded on these Ball Bearings". Below the banner, a block of text reads: "Forty years of Bearing research and creative engineering combine to offer you assured performance in your plant and product." At the bottom, there is a slogan "Nothing Rolls Like a Ball..." followed by the brand name "NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS". A small "153T" is printed at the bottom left.

Nothing Rolls Like a Ball...

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## Out of the Forest AND INTO THE SQUEEZE

Tennessee timber rides into our wood distillation plant. Out comes charcoal—plus liquids which yield many things of importance.

For instance, denaturing grade methanol-wood alcohol—is an ingredient in making anti-freeze, chemicals and solvents. It's produced in a continuous process plant, ready for duty. Then there are hardwood oils, tars, acetic acid, and other wood chemicals. Even the flavor of smoke is isolated, in liquid form, to be added to food sauces and condiments. And while charcoal itself is best known by the steaks it cooks, large quantities are used to make carbon Bisulfide, vital ingredient in rayon industry.

Tennessee's customers are dealing with an integrated production unit. Controlled sources of raw materials, and continuous quality control mean better service from Tennessee Products & Chemical Corporation . . . an industry serving all industry.



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posed to strong light for a certain length of time becomes blind. Our existence is a constant exposure to noise . . . The noise may be Bach's *B-Minor Mass* or just a bunch of accordions. The same noise, you find it in the streets, in cafés, in restaurants, even in taxicabs. Imagine a man who has heard the same Beethoven symphony maybe six times a day in this fashion. Do you expect him to go to a concert in the evening to hear it a seventh time?"

Nonetheless, Composer Honegger plans to keep on composing.

### Melody in Venice

In Venice last week, a pair of orchestra seats for the première of Composer Igor Stravinsky's first full-length opera was fetching as high as \$500 on the black market. Operagoers and critics came from all over Europe and the U.S. In spite of all this interest, the first-night reaction to *The Rake's Progress* was one of happy surprise. The harsh and riotous Stravinsky rhythms of other years (e.g., in *The Firebird*, *The Rite of Spring*) were missing. *The Rake's Progress* sang with old-fashioned melody.

Stravinsky got his idea from William Hogarth's eight-picture series showing the rise & fall of an 18th Century man about London. He first saw the paintings four years ago, had an immediate "theatrical reaction." Moreover, he found the paintings full of "a morality I respect." Stravinsky decided to translate Hogarth into opera. He got distinguished help from Poet W.H. Auden and Brooklyn-born Chester Kallman, who worked up an English libretto with a Faustian theme; Poet T.S. Eliot lent a hand with the final polishing.

**Off to London.** Venice first-nighters could follow the plot with ease, even without much English. Young Tom Rakewell goes to London to spend his fortune



Graphic House  
COMPOSER STRAVINSKY  
Craftsmanship and a happy surprise.



ROUNSEVILLE, SCHWARZKOPF & NELL TANGEMAN® IN "RAKE'S PROGRESS"  
Wine, women and morality.

with Mephistophelean Nick Shadow for a guide. For a year & a day, Shadow shows him a roaring good time with wine, women & song, then presents his bill:

*'Tis not your money but your soul . . .  
Look in my eyes and recognize  
Whom—Fool! you chose to hire.*

Shadow agrees to a last card game for Tom's life—and loses, but condemns Tom to madness. Tom's faithful country sweetheart, Anne Trulove, tracks him down in Helland to say goodbye ("We shall not meet again, love, yet never think that I forget").

Now & then, when the action seemed to call for it, Stravinsky's music had a stringent dissonance, but most of the time it was straightforwardly lyrical. There were no ravishing melodies to leave the audience humming, but Anne Trulove's first-act aria—lamenting departed Tom—beautifully sung by Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf of the Vienna State Opera, came close to stopping the show. The other top voices: Tenor Robert Rounseville of the New York City Opera as Tom, Mezzo-Soprano Jennie Tourel as Baba the Turk, the sideshow bearded lady whom Tom marries as a jape.

Back from Noiseland, the final curtain brought an ovation, but some critics murmured. A good many Venice operagoers, teetotal on the romantic stuff of Verdi and Puccini, found Stravinsky's music a bit flat, or too intellectual, for opera. The sets were criticized as second-rate and rather un-English, and the first-night conducting, which was handled by Stravinsky himself, as distinctly not the work of a Toscanini. But the critics agreed that *The Rake's Progress* was a solid success, one of the outstanding musical works of the decade, a model of form and craftsmanship.

Next stop for *The Rake* (in Italian, French, Flemish and German versions): Milan, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Düsseldorf. U.S. production? Stravinsky has not yet decided where or when.

## New Pop Records

**Come On-a Stan's House** (Stan Freeman, harpsichord, with rhythm trio; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Talented pianist Freeman first tried the harpsichord for background effect in Rosemary Clooney's bestselling *Come On-a My House*. He now shows that the old instrument sounds just as cheerful in the foreground of such tunes as *Just One of Those Things*, *St. Louis Blues*, *September Song* and *Blue Room*.

**Don't Believe It** (Ethel Merman and Ray Bolger; Decca). A specialty duet about love, sweet love, with Merman doing the trumpeting. Dancer Bolger joining in with somewhat less assurance.

**Swamp Girl** (Frankie Laine; Mercury). An unintentionally hilarious song about a Lorelei who lives in a marsh and a fellow who can't help getting his feet wet.

**Brain Wave** (George Shearing Quintet; M-G-M). A good example of Pianist Shearing's bop style: jagged rhythms, colorful unisons, skittering melodies.

**Sweet Lorraine** (Kenny Kersey Trio; Mercury). A jazz standard gets a smooth jazz treatment by talented pianist Kersey.

**Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven** (Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians; Decca, 2 sides LP). All the *Things You Are*, *Stardust*, *Where or When*, etc., delivered in the popular Lombardo waver. Strictly for dancing.

**Down Memory Lane** (Bing Crosby; Decca, 4 sides LP). A good sampling of the tunes that Crosby has crooned with success down the years: *Love Thy Neighbor*, *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*, *Please*, and 13 more.

**Benny Goodman and His Orchestra** (Columbia, 6 sides). Welcome re-issues of Goodman work when the clarinetist and his band were turning out the best in swing. Best arrangement: *The Hour of Parting*.

\* As Mother Goose, bordello keeper

"What's all the shouting about?"

They're saying

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126 - 225	70	70	60	50
226 - 300	85	85	75	65
301 - 750	1.00	60	90	75
751 - 1,125	1.25	1.15	1.01	85
1,126 - 1,350	1.45	1.30	1.20	95
1,351 - 2,100	1.70	1.45	1.35	1.05
2,101 - 3,000	1.95	1.60	1.55	1.30

Check with local W.U. office for effective date of new rates INTRASTATE.



MATANIA NUDES: EARLY AMERICAN & ROMAN  
He knew how to influence the mail.

## Classical Pin-Ups

Fortunino Matania, 70, thinks every picture should have a woman in it. In his London studio last week he pointed scornfully to the picture on his easel, a group of staid 18th Century English gentlemen in periwigs and ruffles. "Imagine!" said Artist Matania. "They ask me, me of all people, to paint a picture without women. Such sacrifice! Such a crazy world we live in!"

A whole generation of Britons would agree with Matania that the picture, commissioned by a Scottish firm "for a calendar or something," was a shocking waste of talent. Matania's place in 20th Century British art may not be high, but it is reasonably secure: nobody in his day drew pretty, scantily draped girls more to the British fancy.

**High Life.** Fortunino Matania came to Britain at the end of the Victorian era, when he was 19. The son of an Italian illustrator, he was trained to magazine work and covered the kinds of auspicious occasions now assigned to photographers. His first big job for a British journal was the coronation of Edward VII. "Rapidity and accuracy, that was what mattered," says Matania. He had both, and British editors kept him hopping for the next 25 years. In World War I, he spent four years in the trenches, sent out thousands of drawings that established him as one of the world's best news artists.

But it was after the war, when he switched to scenes of ancient high life for the British woman's magazine, *Britannia and Eve*, that Matania found his real career. He filled his London studio with reproductions of Roman furniture, pored over history books for suitably lively subjects. Then, with the help of models and statues, he began to paint such subjects as Samson & Delilah, the bacchanalian roisters of ancient Rome, and even early American Indian maidens—all with the same careful respect for accuracy and detail he had used in his news assignments.

## ART

Generally he managed to include one or two voluptuous nudes in each picture. "The public demanded it," says Matania. "If there was no nude, then the editor or I would get a shower of letters from readers asking politely why not." He was a standard in *Britannia and Eve* for 19 years.

**Slices of Flesh.** Although ill health has forced him to give up his regular magazine work, Matania is convinced that there is still a demand for his nudes: intends "to live as long as I can" and paint them. Leggy modern pin-ups he considers poor stuff. "Vulgar and artificial," he says. "Copies of photographs with slices of lovely flesh cut off the thighs."

He thinks art is even worse: "Those who paint modern pictures in bad faith are frauds. Those who paint them in good faith need a doctor. Those paintings will one day be in museums, like ancient instruments of torture, to show the depths to which art fell."



PETER ANDERSON  
ARTIST MATANIA  
And commit sacrilege.

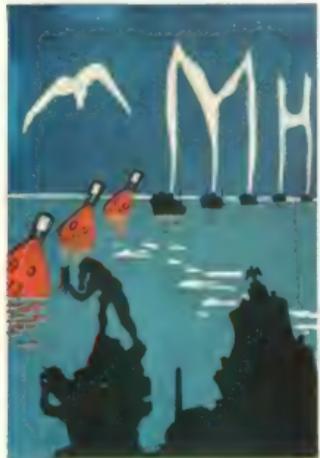
## Picture-Book Skyscraper

The slab-sided U.N. Secretariat building in Manhattan has caused more controversy than any other skyscraper in Manhattan's jagged skyline. Distinguished architects like Richard Neutra have hailed it as a great architectural achievement. Other people have referred to it scornfully as "a sandwich on edge." Last week Author-Critic Lewis Mumford, writing in *The New Yorker*, knocked it flat—on paper.

Wrote Mumford: "In this building, the movement that took shape in the mind of Le Corbusier in the early 1920s—and that sought to identify the vast and varied contents of modern architecture with its own arid mannerism—has reached a climax of formal purity and functional inadequacy. Whereas modern architecture began with the true precept that form follows function . . . this new office building is based on the theory that . . . function should be sacrificed to form . . ."

"Paraded as pure engineering and applied geometry, this new skyscraper proves really to be a triumph of irrelevant romanticism. If anything deserves to be called picture-book architecture, this is it, for all the fundamental qualities of architecture seem to have been sacrificed to the external picture, or rather, to the more ephemeral passing image reflected on its surface. Should one look behind this magician's mirror, one should not be surprised to find, if not a complete void, something less than good working quarters for a great world organization . . ."

"What we have, then, is not a building expressive of the purposes of the United Nations, but an extremely fragile esthetic achievement, whose main lines conform to the ideals of a boom period of shaky finance and large-scale speculation . . . As a conscious symbol, the Secretariat adds up to zero; as an unconscious one, it is a negative quantity, since it symbolizes the worst practices of New York, not the best hopes of the United Nations."



## THANK-YOU PICTURES

These paintings are samples of the biggest international exhibition of children's art ever held. The show was sponsored by ECA, which invited European kids to compete for \$1,000 in prizes for pictures of what the Marshall Plan meant to them. Winnowed down to 300 pictures from 200,000 entries, the exhibition was a summer hit in Paris (TIME, July 23), will be seen in other European capitals this fall.

The children might not be accomplished artists, but they managed to express themselves pretty well in oils and watercolors. An eleven-year-old Belgian girl named Monique Decock went to the heart of the matter with a posterish view of U.S. freighters sending up the smoke letters M.H., which stand for Marshall Hilfe (Help). Austrian Otto Sebastian, who is only eight, contributed an impression of a cathedral town that is both subtle and gay and resembles the work of the late great modern, Paul Klee, who made a deep study of children's art. Jean Buffin, 7, painted a crude but happy view of a French farm, complete with Marshall Plan tractor. Ursula Bodner and Ursel Stanowski, both 14 and both German, painted two phases of postwar reconstruction. Miss Stanowski's somber picture (below) was a favorite of the children themselves, and a juvenile jury awarded her First Prize.

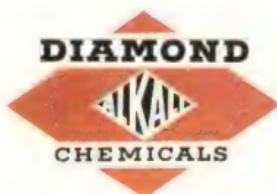




## WHATEVER BECAME OF MILKMAIDS?

When the sixteen-pound, stainless steel electric milker replaced the five-pound pail, milkmaids turned over their jobs to men. Surely, the only occupation in which men have replaced women! But farm maids still hold part of their old job—they still scrub the milking machine twice a day. It's an exacting job because any left over milk film can spoil the milk, despite pasteurization. Long and intensive DIAMOND research on this chore recently perfected Clipper Cleaner, a product that cleans like a blast of purging fire, and yet is uniquely safe to handle.

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## MILESTONES

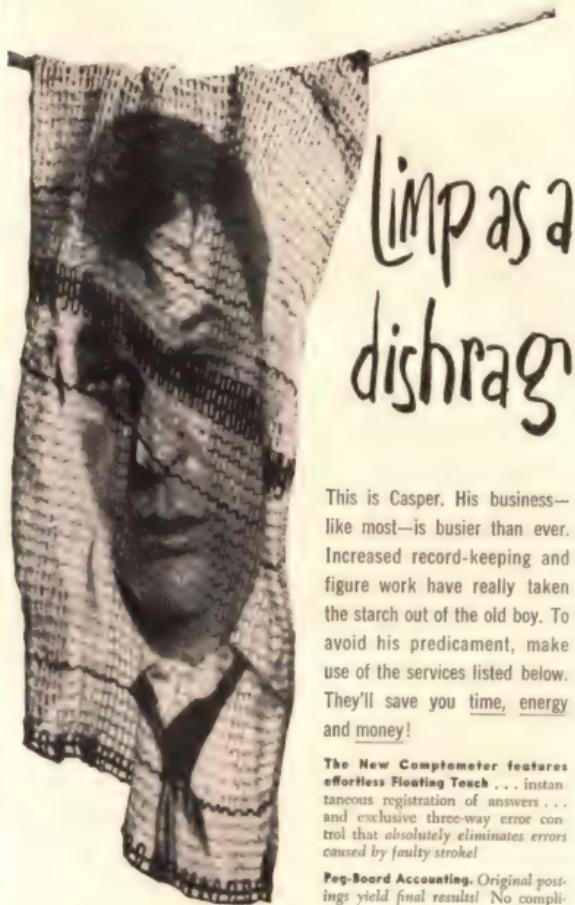
**Died.** Maurice Petsche, 55, able career man in French governments since 1920. Finance Minister in four of France's revolving-door cabinets between 1949 and 1951; of uremia; in Paris. A wealthy conservative, whose long cigarette holder became a trademark. Petsche was an active anti-Nazi during the German occupation of France in World War II. In postwar years, he fought vigorously for economy, successfully used Marshall Plan aid to strengthen France's sickly economy.

**Died.** Arthur Szyk, 57, Polish-born miniature painter and caricaturist, who came to the U.S. in 1940; of a heart attack; in New Canaan, Conn. Fascinated by the manuscripts of medieval monks, he made a career of the lost art of manuscript illumination. During World War II, he turned his hand to anti-Nazi political cartoons (for *PM*, *Collier's*, *Life*), later collected the best of them in a book, *The New Order*. Coming out next year: his edition of *Arabian Nights*.

**Died.** Fritz Busch, 61, conductor at the Metropolitan Opera (1945-51) and the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company; of a heart attack; in London. Member of a notable musical family (brother Adolf became a famed violinist and co-founder, with brother Hermann, of the first-rate Busch String Quartet). He played the piano at four, conducted at 10. As conductor of the Dresden Opera he spoke out boldly against state-controlled art ("I am a man, I hope of a little bit of temperament, so I told everyone frankly what I thought about the Nazis"), left Germany in 1933 after Storm Troopers broke up a performance of *Rigoletto*.

**Died.** Alvanley Johnston, 76, for 25 years Grand Chief Engineer of the 80,000-member Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; of a heart attack; in Shaker Heights, Ohio. Born in Canada, Johnston became an engineer at 22, as a labor leader took the stand that "it takes guts and skill to run a locomotive, and there's risk and that's worth money." In 1946, the President's threat to draft striking railroaders into the Army so angered Johnston that he broke all relations with the Administration; supported Dewey in 1948

**Died.** William J. Klem, 77, "baseball's greatest umpire," a favorite of sentimental sportswriters and sentimental players alike; after long illness; in Miami. Starting out in baseball as a bush-league first baseman in Rochester, N.Y., when the game was still a rowdy, brawling affair, he became a National League umpire (1905-41) and eventually the league's honorary umpire in chief, officiated in more World Series (18) than any other umpire. A man who always called them as he saw them and claimed he never saw them wrong, he once proclaimed his faith: "Baseball is the greatest thing that ever happened to this country."



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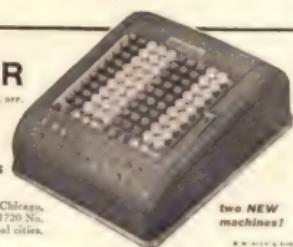
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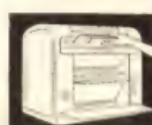
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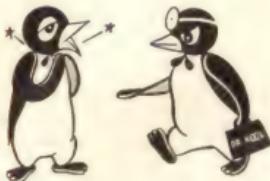
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### Capsules

¶ One man's insect sting is another man's poison. In Rye, N.Y., last week, Charles Pilger Jr., 28, was stung by a bee, died a few minutes later when his swollen larynx closed. In Vancouver, B.C., 17-month-old Mark Bennett, who had toddled into a wasp nest, been stung 477 times, went home from the hospital completely recovered after 20 days of treatment (with penicillin, ACTH and antihistamines).

¶ Four Brooklyn doctors have found that an extract from the liver of pregnant cows gives prompt relief to most of their cases of osteoarthritis (by far the commonest



MARK BENNETT  
Stung.

form of arthritis, for which ACTH and cortisone are useless).

¶ After an executive's son fell into a poison ivy patch, researchers of the National Lead Co. went to work, announced last week a quick cure for ivy poisoning: ointment containing a salt of zirconium.

### Crusade in Carville

In the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Carville, La., the blind editor-patient okayed the last story as it was read to him. Compositor-patients put the paper to bed. Printer-patients ran off 8,000 copies. Then the whole press run was baked, to sterilize it. Last week the tenth anniversary edition of the *Star* went out to subscribers in 48 states and 30 foreign countries. The *Star's* single-minded editorial objective: to knock down misconceptions about Hansen's disease, as the 400 Carville patients call their illness—in popular parlance, leprosy.

"There isn't any scientific necessity for sterilizing the copies," says Editor Stanley Stein, 52, a one-time Texas pharmacist who has been a Carville patient for 20 years. "We do it only as a gesture of respect to the unconvinced." Stein and the *Star* make no other concessions to popular

## HISTORY TELLS US Says Mr.T.

When William Shakespeare  
wrote his plays

The old goose quill  
was all the craze,



"WHAT HO," cried he,  
in accents low,  
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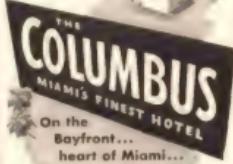
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prejudice. The fight to ban the word "leper" has been officially won: U.S. health officers are under orders not to use it. Stein and the *Star* are still battling against the word "leprosy" itself.

Tireless and imaginative, Stein has won the backing of the American Legion (he is a World War I veteran) and of such stage friends as Tallulah Bankhead, a longtime subscriber and general booster. Thanks largely to Stein and the *Star*, patients at Carville have established their right to vote (a technicality of state law once disfranchised them); their precinct is usually the first in the state to report. They have won the right to have visitors, a month's leave a year when their disease is quiescent. Stein will not rest until state and federal laws recognize that, except among children, Hansen's is one of the least catching of all diseases (no staff member at Carville has ever contracted it), so that most patients could be treated in or near their homes.

Recent medical advances with sulfone drugs have benefited Patient Stein but created personnel problems for Editor Stein. Staff members are discharged from Carville when the disease is arrested. Besides six Texans, the *Star's* staff now includes a Cuban, a Mexican, a Virgin Islander, a Dutch Guiana, a Hawaiian, a Samoan and a Filipino.

### Fatheads

Now & then, medical science has a wonderful way of confirming what ordinary people have always taken for granted. The International Gerontological Congress in St. Louis gave that kind of back-pat last week: people do get more fatheaded. In the aged, reported Dr. Oskar Vogt of Neustadt-Schwarzwald, Germany, most types of nerve cells in the brain show cavities filling up with fat. The cells themselves fight the invasion, resist most successfully when the individual keeps active. Concluded Dr. Vogt: "We have observed no case in which overwork was found to have accelerated the aging of the nerve cells."

### Dr. Vitamin

At Johns Hopkins' School of Hygiene and Public Health, 150 U.S. vitamin experts got together last week. Sample swap talk: "Anybody buying vitamin E is probably a sucker, since no case of deficiency in an adult has been found . . . But it might be good for Rh babies, and those with diabetic mothers . . . Despite an abundance of sunshine and vitamin D, there is still a lot of rickets in Baltimore."

In the front row, listening intently, sat the guest of honor, Dr. Elmer Verner McCollum, 72. He has done more than any other man to put vitamins back in the nation's bread and milk, to put fruit on American breakfast tables, fresh vegetables and salad greens in the daily diet. Incidentally and unwittingly, he started a booming business: every year Americans spend \$250 million for vitamins (four-fifths of it for pills and capsules). Much of this spending, Dr. McCollum believes, is foolish, because most people can get all

• "you name it...I helped make it!"



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the vitamins they need from proper diet.

Elmer McCollum was a farm boy, born (in a sod hut) near Fort Scott, Kans. As a young man, with a Ph.D. from Yale, he went to the University of Wisconsin to work on cattle feeds. But the experiments were being made on heifers, which are unhandy as laboratory animals. McCollum wanted to try out the feeds on rats. The legislature refused money to buy rats, so McCollum trapped some.

The word "vitamine" had just been coined, but nobody had yet found one. By stuffing his animals with various food extracts, McCollum identified the first one—"A"—in butter. This made him a hero with Wisconsin dairy farmers—until he broadcast the fact that it could be added to margarine. The word vitamine had its last letter chopped off and the family grew apart. After vitamin A came



NUTRITIONIST MCCOLLUM  
Why buy vitamin E?

B<sub>1</sub>, the anti-beriberi factor (TIME, April 30), B<sub>2</sub>, which cures pellagra, and C, which prevents scurvy. At Johns Hopkins in 1922, Dr. McCollum added D, for sturdy bones, to the list.

Vitamins became big business, but Dr. McCollum has no share in it. His only income apart from a university professor's salary has been from research work for a dairy products firm.

Now officially retired, Dr. McCollum has started a new career, probing the secrets of the amino acids which the body makes by digesting proteins and then uses as building blocks. If they can be isolated from animal matter that is now usually thrown away (blood, bone, hair and feathers), they might be used to stretch the world's supply of protein foods by as much as 50%. There are 23 amino acids, and Dr. McCollum has succeeded in getting only one in pure crystalline form. It does not bother him that there are 22 to go. "I expect to be still around here, working, 30 years from now," he says.

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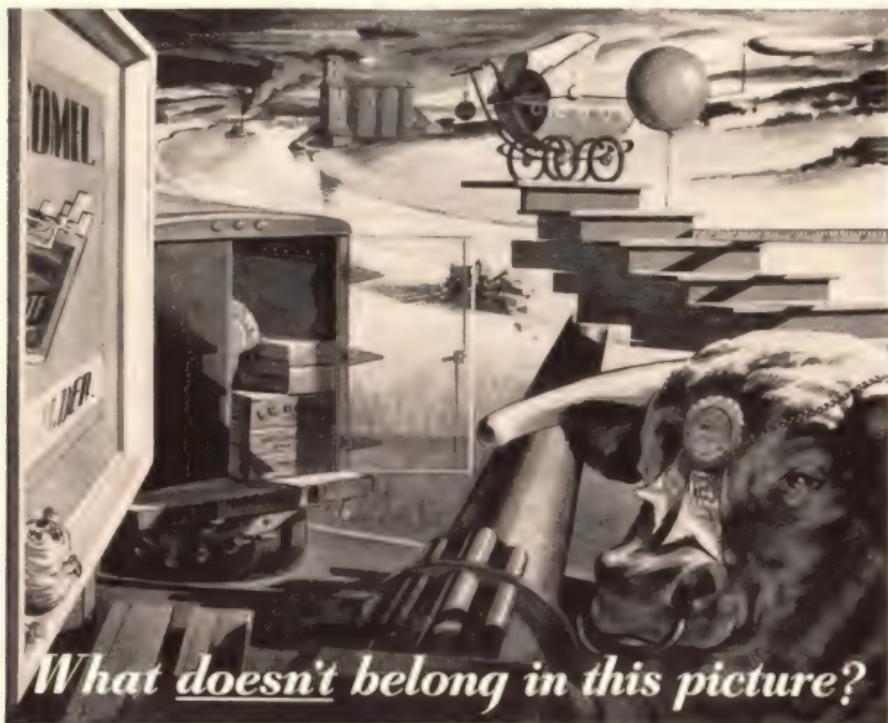


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**The trailer truck?** No! Hundreds of its parts get a quality lift from Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products. Take its brake shoes. They are leveled and reconditioned by Behr-Manning coated abrasive backstand belts. And the precision of its roller bearings came from many grinding operations by Norton wheels.

**The billboard?** No! Its wooden frame, its lithographed poster, its lights all owe much to Norton and Behr-Manning abrasive products.

**The bull?** No! He's a prize winner. His horns and hoofs are beautified by Behr-Manning coated abrasives.

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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## ARMAMENT

### What's Wrong, Charlie?

Standing up before 200 scrap-metal dealers in Washington last week, Chief Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson angrily pounded his ham-sized hands down on the lectern. The Defense Production Administration, he said, had told him that steel production will be lower in the beginning of 1952 than in the last quarter of this year. Cried Charlie Wilson: "I just won't accept that answer. We have got to have at least a million more tons to distribute in the first quarter and another million or two million tons in the second quarter . . . Get this damn scrap in."

Wilson's blood & thunder speech may have been intended only as a pep talk to get badly needed scrap rolling into steel mills. But it shocked steelmen who wondered where Wilson got the figures. If DPA had privately made such a gloomy report on a drop in steel production, why had NPA estimated that steelmen will produce 400,000 tons more steel in the first quarter of 1952 than in this year's last quarter? Furthermore, how did Wilson expect to get more steel next year when he had permitted DPA to slash the steel industry's allotment of metal for expansion only a fortnight ago? What, wondered steelmen, had got into Charlie Wilson?

The answer seemed to be that Wilson has suddenly become shocked and worried by the way parts of his mobiliza-

tion program have fallen behind schedule. Items:

From March through July, there was no speedup in deliveries of 95 key military items, including some bombers, most tanks and electronics equipment.

Deliveries on many critical goods were behind schedules only 30 days old.

\$3.5 billion worth of goods scheduled for delivery in 1952 will not be delivered until 1953.

The peak in military deliveries planned for 1952 may not be reached. The total has already been scaled down from \$50 billion to \$45 billion.

As the responsible boss of U.S. mobilization, Charlie Wilson must expect to take the rap for this delay. As long as six months ago, defense production was obviously lagging; but Wilson was so anxious not to disturb the civilian economy that defense producers often came in last in the race for scarce materials and skilled manpower. Furthermore, Charlie Wilson thought that he could confine himself to policy matters, let other agencies (Commerce, DPA, Interior, etc.) carry out the job. But the other agencies sometimes worked at cross purposes without firm direction from topside. Now, it looks as if Wilson will need a staff to lay down just how his policies should be carried out—and see that the job is done. He may even have to take a hand in production scheduling himself, where his genius for getting out the goods can be felt.

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## WALL STREET

### Playing With Blue Chips

In a Beverly Hills brokerage office last week, a veteran trader cocked an indolent eye at the New York Stock Exchange quotations. "It's hardly any fun any more," he complained. "I don't even have to watch the board for moves. Market goes up about \$1.50 a day, so who am I to try to outguess it?"

Wall Street's big bull market was almost that automatic. For weeks it has been moving upward almost as regularly as an escalator. Last week, slowly, steadily, unspectacularly, it kept right on rising. With a gain of 2.17 points for the week, the Dow-Jones industrial average set a new 21-year-record high of 276.37. Moreover, the more stable New York Times and *Herald Tribune* averages likewise hit new bull-market peaks.

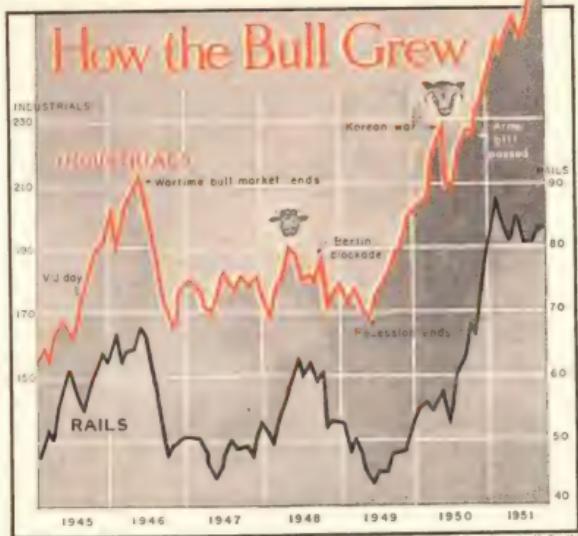
In three years, the charging bull has pranced up more than 110 points (see chart), has put on weight despite such hammer blows as 1948's Berlin blockade, 1949's recession, 1950's outbreak of war. Each time, with nothing more than a momentary stumble, it has roared back louder and lustier than ever.

**Home Town Favorites.** One reason is that the public is back in. In Chicago, a stockbroker told how his cabdriver asked him about Motorola and a hairdresser wanted advice on how to invest \$5,000 in "sound stocks."

Every region brags of the fabulous rise of local favorites. Texans have seen obscure Delhi Oil Corp., whose stock sold for \$1.10 in 1944, run up to \$38. Dewey & Almy Chemical (Cambridge, Mass.), which sold at eleven in 1949, has reached the equivalent of \$72. Chicago's Emhart Manufacturing Co. (flexible plastic bottles) has soared from \$50 to \$80 in three months. Californians recount the wonders of Signal Oil & Gas Co.'s four-year rise from \$5 to the equivalent of \$82.

Beverly Hills is almost a stock exchange by itself: its cinemoguls and retired oil millionaires keep eleven Wall Street branch offices humming, frequently account for almost 10% of all Big Board trading. Since it is only 7 a.m. on the Coast when the New York Exchange opens at 10, stockbroker Thomas O. Peirce wakes his biggest customers with a telephoned word on how G.M. (the bellwether they follow) has fared. Explains Peirce: "G.M.—that means good morning."

**Sad Memories.** Many a middle-aged American, remembering the giddy air of 1929, thought that all this had a familiar ring. Actually, the 1951 bull market is like no other the U.S. has ever seen. Unlike 1929, when stocks could be bought for as little as 10% down, the margin requirement is 75% and most of the buying is for cash. The public has rushed in, but instead of chasing after low-priced and highly speculative "cats & dogs," it has usually bought "blue chips." Reason: the



TIME Chart by V. Puglisi

public is a lot smarter, partly because 1929's memories still linger but also because brokers have done a great deal to teach small investors what to buy.

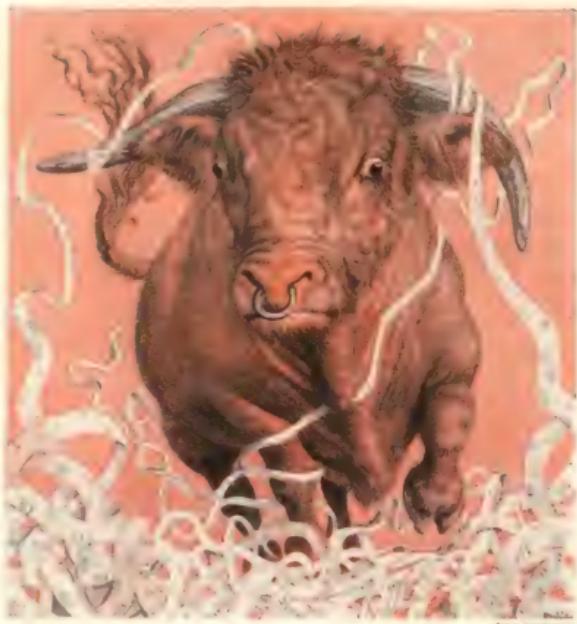
Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, for example, runs classes for housewives and other new investors. Bache & Co. takes radio spots to arouse interest in the market. Brokers have set up exhibits, replete with figures on earnings and dividends, at county fairs and flower shows. The campaign has paid off: in two years the popularity of common stocks v. bonds as an investment has tripled. Small investors are holding on to their stocks. So far this year, they have bought 5,000,000 more shares than they have sold.

But the biggest way the public has gone into the market is through the fast-growing investment trust or fund. The investor who doubts his own judgment simply buys shares in such trusts, which diversify their holdings and pay dividends on their earnings. In ten years, the amount of their investments in the market has risen from \$450 million to \$3 billion. They are now increasing at the rate of \$500 million a year. The market has been boosted by three other big buyers: 1) industrial pension funds, now investing some \$200 million a year in common stocks, 2) insurance companies, which in most states have now been authorized to buy stocks and are doing so at the rate of \$200 million a year, 3) private trusts, which also have been empowered in some states to invest up to 35% in stocks. Like investment trusts, all these conservative buyers want dividend-paying "blue chips."

**High-Fliers.** As the bull market has been highly selective. The averages, made up largely of blue chips, have gone shooting up, but the great mass of stocks has lagged well behind. Only 17% of the Big Board's stocks were at their year's highs last week, and many were even at their year's lows. The major hunt by all investors has been for "growth" stocks, such as chemical and antibiotic drug companies, or for companies with great natural resources (e.g., oil reserves), whose value can rise with inflation and provide a hedge against it.

This chase has driven up the prices of some stocks so that they now outpace their apparent growth possibilities for years to come. For example, Amerada Petroleum, a prime favorite with investment trusts because of its huge oil-land leases, is already selling at 20 times its earnings. Du Pont is at 18 times earnings. Many a trader now thinks that some of these growth companies and blue chips are too high. And the market is still a place where an investor can get his fingers burned if, according to the old saw, he "pays too much for a stock in the belief he can find a bigger fool to sell it to."

**The Long & the Short.** The big question now is: Is the market at its peak? Wall Street is full of bears who believe that it is, and that it is in for a major tumble. Many of their reasons are technical (e.g., the fact that railroad stocks have lagged so far behind the industrials); oth-



1951's BULL  
G.M. means good morning.

Bernard F. Gossage

ers are practical. Many corporate earnings have already been cut by taxes and cutbacks in civilian production. The new tax bill will take still heavier bites out of profits. Example: estimated profits of U.S. Steel will be cut from \$3.61 in the first six months of this year to \$2.70. Moreover, defense orders will not take up the slack for many companies for a long time, nor will arms production yield anywhere near the profits of peacetime goods. Yet not even many of the bears believe that the bull market is about to end for good. The worst they expect is a shakeout to 225 or 200 in the Dow-Jones average, followed by a new upsurge to still higher ground.

But the rest of the country is full of bulls who believe that the current upsurge will continue. They argue that by all the old rules of thumb, stocks are still underpriced. Even after the big rise of the Dow-Jones average, it is only 80% above the 1935-39 level, while during the same period corporate earnings after taxes have risen by 516%. Even the 30 Dow Jones industrials (e.g., A.T. & T., Standard Oil, G.M.) are still yielding returns of around 6% v. 3% for triple-A bonds, and dividends on Big Board stocks in 1951's first half were 17.3% above the 1950 period. The whole market is still full of good earning stocks which have had no major rise. Many stocks (e.g., Foster Wheeler, White Motor) are still selling for less than the actual cash (net working capital)

in the company's till. The very "exclusiveness" of the market so far makes bulls proclaim that the "real" bull market cannot begin until whole broad new segments of stocks come in for heavy play. For example, the rails, which have led the final phase of many bull markets, are still far below their February peaks.

But the bulls' main argument is that the U.S. launched on unprecedented peacetime spending for armament, is in for a whole decade of inflation. Wages, warned Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson this week, can never go back to pre-Korea levels since the U.S. is "still an expanding economy." When costs and prices rise and dollars cheapen, savings can be protected only by converting them into ownership of "things"—including shares in the land, tools, bricks & mortar of U.S. industry. Moreover, arms spending, already at the rate of \$2.5 billion a month, is really just getting under way, will rise to at least twice that before it tapers off. By the time it slackens, two or three years hence, huge new backlog of deferred demand for peacetime goods are expected to accumulate and feed the boom. Eventually, any boom largely resting on such artificial props as deficit spending and arms production (as this one now is) must end, if not in a collapse, in at least a severe recession. But for the next few years, at least bulls see nothing but higher prices for everything, including stocks.

# A North Country Trapper...like Cast Iron Pipe... has STAMINA!

Trekking long distances in the frozen North, on a trapline or behind a dog-sled, demands stamina! And, just as surely, pipe must have stamina to serve for a century or more as cast iron water and gas mains are doing in more than 30 cities in the United States and Canada. In the generations since these gallant old mains were installed horse-drawn vehicles have given way to multi-ton trucks and buses. Under the streets crowded utility services have been constructed. Yet cast iron pipe has withstood the resultant traffic-shock and beam-stresses because of its shock-strength, beam-strength and crushing-strength. No pipe, deficient in any of these strength-factors of long life, should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns and villages.

## GOODS & SERVICES

### New Ideas

**Automatic Valet.** In the lobby of a Cleveland office building last week, U.S. Hoffman Machinery Corp. placed an automatic dry-cleaning vending machine. The customer phones the cleaning company from the machine and puts his suit in a locker. The clothes are picked up by the cleaner, returned to the locker in four to seven hours. The customer deposits his money and the locker opens. U.S. Hoffman plans to install 20 "Valetettes" in Cleveland, start nationwide distribution by next year.

**Tinless Cans.** Reynolds Metals Co. announced two ways to make cans without using scarce tin. One method uses heavy aluminum foil coated with plastic material; the other uses steel coated on either side with aluminum. Price: "very competitive" with tin cans.

**Agricouture.** The Agriculture Department, always ready to help the cotton farmer, showed newsmen some bright print dresses made from cotton fertilizer bags. Dresses from flour bags are old stuff, but the department had worked for months to invent a dye that would withstand the chemical effects of the fertilizer. Purpose: to make cotton fertilizer bags competitive with cheaper paper ones.

## HIGH FINANCE

### Scrip Scrap

In the golden '20s, no one seemed to have a more golden touch than a young man named Errett Lobban Cord. By the time he was 30, the ex-Los Angeles used-car salesman had built an empire that ranged through motors (Auburn, Checker Cab, Cord), ships (New York Shipbuilding), aircraft (Stinson, Lycoming engines) and airlines (American Airways). But in 1937, Cord came a cropper. The SEC charged him with manipulating the stock of Checker Cab and Auburn, and he sold most of his empire to a group headed by Bunker Victor Emanuel.

Cord, shorn of power but not of wealth dropped out of the public eye, quietly began to pyramid his millions in Los Angeles real estate. He is still one of Wall Street's biggest speculators, has a Beverly Hills mansion, three Nevada ranches, a fleet of 20 cars (mostly Cadillacs) and two planes which he usually flies himself. Last week at 56, Cord was back in the news with an incredible scheme to get control of some of the richest submerged oil wells off Louisiana and California. "Back in the old days," says Cord, "they called some of my deals fantastic. They weren't. They were simple business deals in essence. But this situation—this is truly fantastic."

**Desert Claim.** It was so fantastic that nobody would have given the scheme a second thought if Cord's once-magic name hadn't been attached to it. Even at that, it sounded like moonshine. Cord had discovered that land "scrip" certificates authorized by Congress as long as a century ago to deserving U.S. citizens are still available. There are three types of federal



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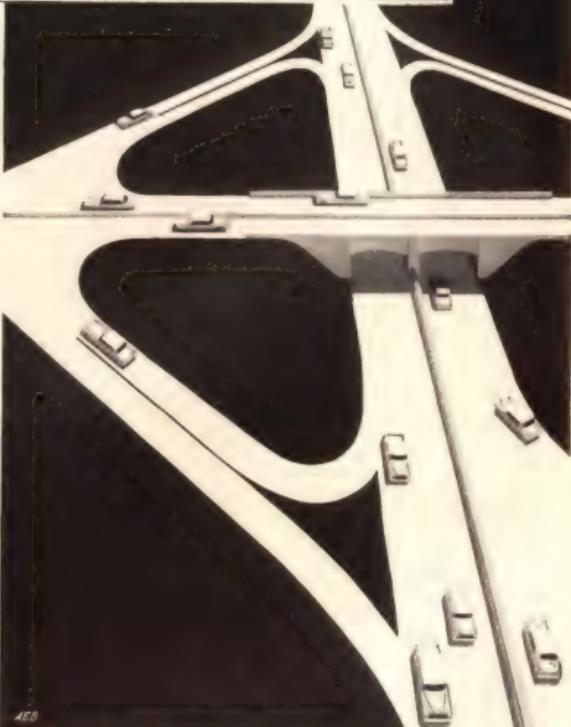
... concrete for highways that will withstand the destructive effects of freezing weather.

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## RESULT...

... longer lasting concrete roads that cost less to maintain. Air-entrained concrete also is easier to handle, stays mixed, does not settle out. Write for further information on air-entrained highway and mortar cements.



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- 4. Washable Finish; High Light Reflection
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land scrip.\* All entitle the holders to stake claims on unoccupied public land, most of which now is on mountaintops, deserts, etc. There is no doubt that the scrip is still good for some land; only a fortnight ago, land in Alaska was handed over to holders of scrip originally granted to two Civil War veterans. But in the past, there has been litigation over what kind of land the scrip can be used for.

Cord and his friends began buying up scrip from heirs. In 1947, they laid claim to ten borax-rich acres in California's Mojave Desert. The Interior Department refused to recognize Cord's claim on the ground that his scrip could not be used for mineral land. Cord's appeal is still pending in court.

**Watered Titles.** After the Supreme Court ruled that the Federal Government owns the long-disputed tidelands in 1947, Cord said that he and associates loaded



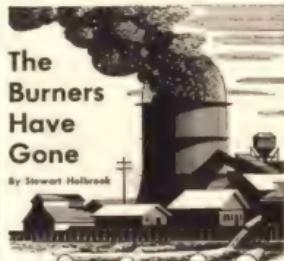
ERRETT CORD (IN 1934)

An underwater homesteader?

up on certificates (total outlay: more than \$1,000,000) permitting them to claim more than 4,000 acres of land. Last February, Cord filed claims on land containing 92 oil and gas wells off the coast of Louisiana with estimated reserves of oil worth \$100 million. He argued the land was unoccupied, since the court decision had made the owners of the wells mere squatters. Last year, Cord filed claims to more land off the California shore.

Through it all, Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman stayed mum. Sniffing "skulduggery," Louisiana's Democratic Congress-

\* The types: 1) individual scrip, issued in each case by a special act of Congress to individuals for service to the Union—e.g., Joseph Gerard, who was killed by Indians in 1793 while carrying a message for the U.S.; 2) land exchange scrip, issued when private land was swallowed up by creation of national forests, etc.; 3) soldiers' additional rights, issued in 1872 and later, granting additional land to Civil War veterans who had already started homesteads.



#### The Burners Have Gone

By Stewart Hollbrook

TIME OUT OF MIND, from coast to coast, from Lakes to Gulf, you could tell a sawmill by the bulking refuse burners. Their hot red eyes blinked through the night; by day they merely smoked. Burners were hard economic facts. They devoured what nobody would buy as lumber; and that which was left over from stoking the mill boilers.

I saw the light of Simpson's burner at its big Shelton, Washington, sawmills go out many years ago. The burner was a thing of the past when the company built its woodfiber plant, whose raw product, except for bark and inferior wood, is the very fuel that once fed the hot innards of the burner.

To make its woodfiber products, Simpson takes all the sound solid wood left over from the mills and factories, breaks it down into minute fibers, then feeds the pulpy mass into a machine. It emerges as a board, and goes next into a dryer as long as a football field. Now it is hard and firm again, and is cut into panels of any size desired. This insulating board can be used for interior walls, for lath to hold plaster, for wall sheathing and for roof insulation. In processing, the product is treated to prevent rot and exclude termites.

Another Simpson woodfiber product is a sound-absorbing board called acoustical tile, its surface drilled with 484 holes to the square foot. Noises go howling into these little holes to emerge, if at all, as faint echoes.

The woodfiber plant added 250 new jobs to the community, and increased shipments of Simpson products by many hundreds of carloads annually. Yet all this was accomplished without having to cut a single extra tree. The identical stuff that kept the refuse burners smoking has become the source of new products.

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man E. E. Willis fired off a letter to Chapman, sarcastically pointing out that home-stead scrip was never intended to help start a farm "at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico." Willis demanded to know why Chapman, who usually acts on mineral lease applications in a matter of days, has let months pass without denying Cord's claims. By last week Chapman had still taken no action, but Interior officials said privately that Cord's claims will be tossed out. Another possible obstacle: Congress may pass a bill, now pending, to return the tidelands title to the states. In any case, Cord is prepared to carry his claims up to the Supreme Court.

## PERSONNEL

### Royal's New Fortune

At the Royal Typewriter Co., world's biggest producer of typewriters, no name is more regal than Ryan. The company was founded 47 years ago by Thomas Fortune Ryan, a tycoon who controlled a billion-dollar empire of banks, railroads, insurance, mines, utilities, tobacco, etc. His grandson Allan A. Jr., is now chairman of the board. Last week Allan's younger brother, Fortune Peter Ryan, who inherited \$3,300,000 from his grandfather,\* stepped into the Royal presidency.

Valeman Pete Ryan, 40, started his tour at Royal as an apprentice mechanic, shifted to the sales division. After serving as an Air Force captain during World War II, he was elected a vice president of Royal in 1948, now succeeds Maxwell V. Miller, who died last month.

## FOREIGN EXCHANGE

### Fund Failure

The International Monetary Fund was founded in 1945 with lofty goals and an \$8 billion kitty. The goals: complete removal of strangulating trade restrictions by March 1952; and stabilization of world currency. But last week as the fund's governors gathered in Washington for their annual meeting, the \$8 billion was still virtually untouched, the goals far distant.

Last week's meeting started with a hopeful, high-sounding statement from Harry Truman: "I am sure . . . that none of the members of the fund will [try] to justify restrictions on trade and exchange which are not actually needed." But hardly were those words out when Britain's Sir George Bolton brought the other delegates back to earth. There was "very little chance," said he, of any relaxation of Britain's trade restrictions next year or in 1953. More likely, he said, the restrictions would be tightened.

**Short-Term Uselessness.** Why had the fund failed so dismally? The basic trouble was that in the dim and distant days of Bretton Woods, the world's leading economists foresaw no such serious dollar

\* But his father was left only one set of Thomas Fortune Ryan's best pearl shirt studs. Reason: he declared publicly that Tycoon Ryan's remarriage two weeks after his wife's death was "the most disrespectful, disgraceful, indecent thing I ever heard of."

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shortage as later developed. Instead, they visualized a series of sharp, short fluctuations in the trade balances of the participating nations—just temporary deficits resulting from a bad crop here, a bad tourist season there. Ailing nations could be tided over these rough spots with loans, though Congress stipulated that the loans could only be for short terms. Hence when the long-term dollar crisis arose, the \$8 billion was almost useless. The fund's last loan, made 18 months ago to Brazil, was for only \$28 million. Nevertheless, with the help of the Marshall Plan and devaluation by 36 nations, some measure of stability had been reached last year by the world's currencies. The Korean war threw them out of kilter again.

**Twice-Told Tale.** No one was harder hit than Britain. With raw-material prices soaring, the average price of Britain's imports jumped 35%, while the price of her exports rose only 14%. The result was that Britain's hard-earned dollars began to dwindle; so far this year, Britain's trade deficit has totaled \$2.2 billion, twice the 1950 figure. Said Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell gloomily: "The dollar problem is with us again."

Britain also faced a problem in other currencies. In August, Britain paid out \$183 million more in European currencies than she took in. As the bad news accumulated, the British pound slumped more than 10% to \$2.45 in the free market (vs. the official \$2.80); devaluation talk was in the air again, and London's *Financial Times* noted that Britain's financial outlook was the worst since the war.

**Time to Change.** Under these conditions, Britain could hardly relax trade or currency restrictions. Since Britain was the banker for the sterling bloc, it was unlikely that other nations in the bloc could relax their restrictions. Despite these facts, the International Monetary Fund (with a hefty nudge from the U.S.) last week decided to keep stiff limitations on the use of its \$8 billion; loans would be made only to nations which make an effort to loosen restrictions.

Plainly, the fund was of little use. Many bankers thought that it should either revise its charter drastically to deal with the current exchange problems, or merge with its sister, the World Bank, which could put the \$8 billion to work to shore up the economies of the fund's members.

## CORPORATIONS

### The Big Ten

The Federal Trade Commission last week listed the ten biggest manufacturing corporations in the U.S., based on their assets (as of 1948). The ten:

Standard Oil (N.J.)	\$3,526,043,348
General Motors	2,957,769,407
U.S. Steel	2,534,971,836
Standard Oil (Indiana)	1,500,049,488
Socony-Vacuum	1,443,034,000
The Texas Co.	1,277,093,761
Gulf Oil	1,191,004,087
E. I. du Pont de Nemours	1,189,345,419
General Electric	1,177,391,546
Ford	1,149,240,489

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"How can building be done better—faster—at lower cost?"

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pletion. Today big savings are made in men, money, material—thanks to an engineering concept as simple as a pan.

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### The New Pictures

*The River* [Oriental-International; United Artists] is a thoroughly unconventional movie and a very good one. It rises out of Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (1946) about an English girl growing up beside a holy river in India. Directed by France's Jean (*Grand Illusion*) Renoir, who wrote the script with Novelist Godden, and produced entirely in India by a Hollywood florist named Kenneth McElroy, it is a sensitive, Technicolored record of youthful growing pains, enriched by a poetic perspective of

(Adrienne Corri) is also drawn to the American, expresses her adolescent awakening in willful cruelty to those around her. Another friend, also smitten, is Melanie (Radha), a solemn, big-eyed Anglo-Indian who is painfully uncertain whether she belongs to India or the West. Meanwhile, the American is struggling stubbornly to convince himself that his missing leg makes him no different from anyone else.

In varying degrees, these characters all come to terms with life, and into balance with themselves, through a subtle mingling of their experience and the symbolic lesson of their surroundings: the serene,



PATRICIA WALTERS & RADHA  
Beside a holy river, willful cruelty and the renewal of life.

life and a wealth of Indian sights & sounds.

One measure of the film's quality is the way it rises above its own cinematic faults. *The River* is designed more like a novel than a movie. A narrator introduces the characters in turn, explains their backgrounds and personalities. For almost half the film's length, the actors exchange only snatches of dialogue that cut abruptly into the narration. Both camera and narrator are always veering off to scenes of native customs, which, however beautifully composed, further slow down an already leisurely story. Yet *The River* gradually unfolds a mood-filled pattern that holds all the strands in place.

The main strand belongs to Harriet (Patricia Walters), the eldest daughter of a jute-mill manager, living in a big house on the riverside. Budding as a poet as well as an adolescent, she is thin-skinned and imaginative, "an ugly duckling desperately trying to be a swan." The arrival of a young American (Thomas E. Breen) next door, brooding over his loss of a leg in the war, sets off the events that teach Harriet the sweet aches of first love, the terrible finality of death, the never-ending renewal of life.

Harriet's rich, pretty neighbor Valerie

endless flow of the river, the patient, ageless ways of the people in the boats, the bazaars and the temples.

If, within its artful unity of theme and mood, *The River* has its trying moments, the film also offers some exceptionally rewarding ones—ranging from the stylized interlude of an ancient Indian fable, with Radha as its gracefully dancing heroine, to a brief, charming scene in which a kite cavorts crazily in a bright blue sky to the perfectly timed accompaniment of a native drum and pipe.

**The Medium** [Walter Lowendahl] is the most skillful and imaginative effort so far to bridge the gap between movies and opera, but it still leaves the gap wide open. Shooting in Rome to gain atmosphere and save money, Composer-Librettist Gian-Carlo Menotti has preserved the musical values of his successful short operas while turning it into a curious mixture of sometimes effective, sometimes static cinema-équences.

The movie, like the twice-revived, widely toured Broadway version of 1947, is the *Grand Guignol* story of a cruel, shabby fraud of a clairvoyant (Maria Powers) who comes to believe in the supernatural



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herself. In her conscience-stricken fear of the unknown, she unwittingly kills her mute assistant (Leo Coleman).

As on the stage, *The Medium* is played with uncommon credibility for opera, and is well sung by Contralto Powers, young (15) Soprano Anna Maria Alberghetti as her daughter-accomplice, and Donald Morgan, Belva Kibler and Beverly Danne as the all-too-willing victims of her chicanery. Settings and photography hold the film in just the right macabre mood.

Yet even Menotti's flexible use of the camera cannot overcome a major handicap: in scene after scene, the movie makes its dramatic point, then marks time until the singing catches up with the



MARIE POWERS IN "THE MEDIUM"  
The gap is still open.

story. Partly to liberate the action from the opera's single indoor set, partly to stretch the work to feature length, Menotti adds some new material, but his story is too simple and its mood too intense to be sustained effectively beyond the time he allotted for it on the stage. The film also suffers when its words become unintelligible in some of the singers' trilling upper range.

*The Medium* is a good try, promising enough to nominate Director Menotti and Associate Director Alexander Hammid as the men most likely to succeed in future efforts for a successful merger of opera and the screen. They might have better luck if Menotti wrote an opera directly for the movies instead of trying, however ingeniously, to work at second hand.

**Hotel Sahara** (J. Arthur Rank), the tale of an African desert oasis successively invaded by Italians, British, Nazis and Free French, adds a pleasantly non-belligerent footnote to World War II. As a

With Leo Coleman and Anna Maria Alberghetti.



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Levantine hotel-owner, not mad at anybody, Peter Ustinov is kept busy running up the appropriate flags and protecting his romantic interest in Yvonne de Carlo. The embattled armies are amiably caricatured, with top honors going to David Tomlinson, as an earnest but fumbling Briton; Guido Lorraine, as a guitar-strumming Italian officer; and Albert Lieven, who brings an effective blend of beery sentiment and deadly efficiency to his portrait of an *Afrika Korps* lieutenant. Yvonne de Carlo displays a surprising comedy touch as she cheers up the various warriors by appearing, in turn, as a flashing signorina, a tweedy English girl, a no-nonsense fräulein in braids, and a racy cocotte.

**Jim Thorpe—All American** (Warner) deals with that remote period in U.S. history when a mere hint of commercialism could cost an athlete his amateur standing. As the great Indian champion, Burt Lancaster is muscularly convincing, both in his gridiron triumphs at Carlisle and his 1912 Olympic victories in Sweden. But after the hero is stripped of his trophies, because he has played a summer of semi-pro baseball, the film loses headway and seems unable to decide whether Thorpe was unstable by nature or embittered by circumstances.

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**A Streetcar Named Desire.** A faithful adaptation of Tennessee Williams' Broadway hit; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

**People Will Talk.** Scripter-Director Joseph L. (All About Eve) Mankiewicz needles the medical profession and breaks some Hollywood rules in his latest comedy; with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (TIME, Sept. 17).

**A Place in the Sun.** Producer-Director George Stevens' masterly version of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters (TIME, Sept. 10).

**Captain Horatio Hornblower.** Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo in a rousing swashbuckler based on the C. S. Forester novel (TIME, Sept. 10).

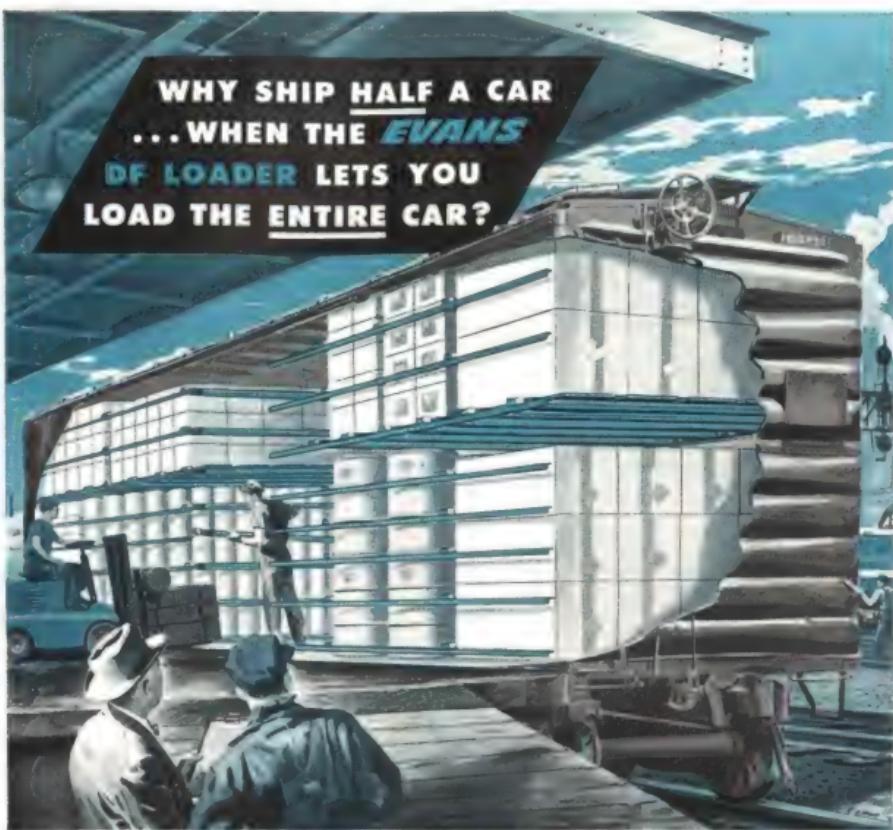
**Pickup.** Making his debut as a Hollywood moviemaker, Czech-born Hugo Haas directs and stars in a tense, unpretentious drama about a middle-aged railroad watchman and the floozy he marries (TIME, Aug. 27).

**The Whistle at Eaton Falls.** Producer Louis de Rochemont uses true incidents to tell a provocative story of labor-management relations, and takes a sympathetic look at the thorny problems of both sides (TIME, Aug. 13).

**Strangers on a Train.** Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (TIME, July 16).

**Oliver Twist.** Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 15).

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## BOOKS

### Vermont Talk

Poet Robert Frost has always tried to write like a man talking. Frost himself talks like a poet, so that it is not always easy to tell whether he is quoting from his works or taking part in a conversation. An English friend once decided that his voice had "the body and tang of good draught cider," but to an Irishman hearing him read his verse it seemed that his words "were flung out from crags—they come to me like the barking of an eagle."

Listeners can now decide whether the Frostian voice is apple juice or eagle, or something better than either—a great, plain poet speaking in homely Vermont cadences. Last March, for the National Council of Teachers of English, 70-year-old Robert Frost recorded 40 minutes of his poetry, and last week the results were released in music shops. Of all the poets whose readings have been recorded (e.g., Vachel Lindsay, W. H. Auden, T. S. Eliot), it is Frost whose voice rings truest, and adds most to the meaning of the poems.

Listening to the records, many will feel like the Frost fan who once told the poet he never knew how to read Frost until he heard him talk. But as Frost reads *Mending Wall*, *Two Tramps in Mud Time*, *The Death of the Hired Man*, and 21 others, it becomes plain that, barring shyness, any Vermont hired hand would know how to read the poems right the first time.

### Juvenile Delinquent

**THE RISE AND FALL OF HERMANN GOERING** [309 pp.]—Willi Frischauer—Houghton Mifflin [\$3.50].

Dachau concentration camp's "last remaining incinerator of original Nazi design" received an unexpected guest one day in 1946: the corpse of Hermann Goering, dead by his own hand (cyanide) as the gallows waited for him. After the incinerator had done its work, the ashes were shoveled into a can and dumped on a trash heap. No epitaph was written, but one was deserved: "He Was the Life & Soul of the Party."

Berliners still remember the comic relief that fat Hermann Goering injected into the tragic drama of their lives. They remember him standing on icy street corners, bundled snugly up to the ears in a fur coat, shaking a collection box (for "Winter Help") and crying cheerily: "A few pennies, please! It is more blessed to give than to receive!" They recall how unconquerably waggish he sounded when he shouted (on the eve of World War II): "If an enemy bomber reaches the Ruhr, my name is not Hermann Goering; you can call me Meier"—and how they still had to laugh when he came scuttling into an air-raid shelter on the eve of Germany's surrender, barking gaily: "May I introduce myself? My name is Meier!"

How did this creature, regarded even by his best friends as childlike, reach the

eminence of criminality that had him described at Nürnberg as one whose "guilt is unique in its enormity?" Journalist Willi Frischauer, a Viennese who went to Britain as a foreign correspondent in 1935 and has lived there ever since, gives some of the answers in an admirable, well-documented biography. Not only has Frischauer pondered Goering's career from womb to ash can; he has also won the confidence of such key figures as Goering's widow, his valet and some of his military aides. The result is popular biography at its best.

**Man of Flares.** Goering's character, Frischauer shows, was far from deep. It was, rather, a broad one—as expansive



GOERING

His name was changed to Meier.

and glittering with showy decorations as the chest and paunch that went with it. Goering was a supremely energetic man, endowed with an extraordinary memory for facts & figures and an acute, intuitive sense of popular emotions. But these faculties, like every other aspect of his character, were flares that burned furiously and impressively for short periods and then were suddenly succeeded by bursts of playfulness, pseudo mysticism, or acute depression.

"The only motive which guided me," Goering testified at the Nürnberg trial, "was my ardent love for my people." No doubt the statement seemed true to him at that dramatic moment—because it was just the right statement for that moment. Swayed by many principles, guided by none, and moved deeply only by a profound sense of the drama of his own life, Goering lived by whim, hunch, and ego-



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tism. He alone of the Nazi leaders could have signed the anti-Semitic Nürnberg Laws and then, at his wife's plea, intervened to save a number of Jews from death and torture, chuckling playfully as he did so: "We had better put up a sign that my office will help all Jews!"

**Crime & Punishment.** Frischauer shows clearly that Goering was capable of chivalry, loyalty, kindness and generosity. The point is that when such emotional indulgences were not opportune, he promptly and casually forgot all about them. He could be a playboy, a martinet, an officer & gentleman, a beast or a lunatic, depending on what the Führer wanted. A uniform for every occasion, a mood for every opportunity—such was Goering in a nutshell. That he never got his moods crossed is shown by his behavior at the Reichstag fire. He had known all along of the plot to fire the place and lay the blame on the Communists; but when the flames blazed up, he was soon on the spot, his fists clenched, his face a livid purple, screaming: "A crime—an unheard-of crime! To the gallows with them!"

Was he ever aware of the duplicity that was his emotional second nature? Frischauer's portrait suggests that Goering did his best never to ask himself such questions. He was invaluable to his master precisely because he was intended, by nature and long practice, to get away with murder. "Goering has done it," Hitler was told in a report. "He slapped his fat belly and [the people] cheered him when he asked them to go without butter. He is amazing!"

Until World War II, Goering was supremely useful to Hitler. Then the chinks in his showy armor opened in gaping cracks. Worn out by nervous instability and overdoses of paracodein, he seemed to welcome the last black days of the Nazi regime. "Death is the fate of the defeated. It cannot be avoided," he told reporters with apparent satisfaction.

He met his trial with a boyish gusto that impressed even his enemies. But it was not shared by his wife. To her (and perhaps, in the last analysis, to him) it seemed terrible that the authorities should lock up the creator of concentration camps in a tiny cell. "He needed," said Frau Goering, "the open spaces and fresh air."

### Sanctuary Revisited

*REQUIEM FOR A NUN* [286 pp.]—William Faulkner—Random House [\$3].

Who is the best novelist writing in the U.S. today? By many a gauge—including the 1949 Nobel Prize in Literature—the answer is William Faulkner. Yet Mississippi Novelist Faulkner can claim more roots than rooters in the U.S. One reason: his explosive Southern fables are sometimes hooked to devious verbal fuses that leave the average reader weary or wondering. When he wants to, Faulkner can also be as direct as a bolt of summer lightning. *Requiem for a Nun* is a tantalizing blend of both Faulkners. It rates a middle pass on a fictional report card starred with such finer achievements as



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*Requiem* is notable for lesser things: a structure spliced play-fashion into acts and scenes, a breathless, 49-page, nonstop sentence, one of the longest in world literature,<sup>6</sup> and a story which reads like a moral sequel to Faulkner's own gamy shocker, *Sanctuary*.

**Melodramatic Lesson.** The brutal core of *Sanctuary* was the rape of a teasing little society bitch named Temple Drake, and her forced month-long stay in a "Memphis sporting house" after her drunken gentleman escort, Gowan Stevens, had abandoned her to a bunch of petty hoodlums. Temple fell in love with one of the mob named "Red," only to see him murdered.

*Requiem* finds Temple and Gowan eight years older, but not much wiser. Bound



George B. Pierce

FAULKNER  
Will the Negro redeem the South?

by shame rather than love, they have married, have two children. Gowan is strictly on the wagon, but doubts that he is the father of the elder child. Temple's case is worse. Secretly she yearns for the bad old days, licks the memory of evil as a tongue searches a newly empty tooth-socket. She gets her chance to sin again when Red's younger brother Pete shows up to blackmail her with a packet of her own racy love letters to Red. Staring at Temple, Pete soon forgets about money, and Temple almost forgets about honor and duty, until her Negro maid Nancy gives her a melodramatic lesson in both.

A casual prostitute and drug addict, Nancy nonetheless has an implacable loyalty to children. Better a dead child than a neglected or abandoned one, she feels. When Temple gets ready to snatch up her six-month-old daughter and run off with Pete, she finds the infant smothered to



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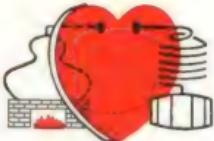
\* Longer: the Molly Bloom soliloquy which concludes James Joyce's *Ulysses*.



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death in its crib. This brings Temple, screaming, to her senses, and Nancy, serene, to the gallows.

**Modest Yes.** Faulkner lets Temple tell most of the story in confessional flashbacks. To see her sordid saga in symbolic perspective, however, he flanks dramatic dialogue with three incantatory prose sections. Flush with rhetoric and folk humor, these evoke what Faulkner himself calls "the vast, splendid limitless panorama of America." They also invoke the high codes and courage Faulkner associates with the Old South, in this case the founders of Jefferson, Miss., in mythical Yoknapatawpha County, seat of Faulkner's fictional kingdom. The Temple Drakes, the Gowan Stevenses and their slack-spined, country-clubbing breed have corrupted these codes, he implies. The only atonement is suffering. In the South, the Negro knows most about suffering. Perhaps, Faulkner seems to be saying, the Negro will yet help the South find redemption.

Certainly Nancy comes as close as anyone to redeeming Temple. Just before Nancy is to die, Temple asks her: "Is there a heaven, Nancy?" Answers Nancy: "I don't know. I believe." "Believe what?" Temple asks, "I don't know. But I believe," repeats Nancy. After years of the big No in American writing, this modest Yes may be the biggest symbol of all in *Requiem for a Nun*.

#### On the Pedasill

SCHNOZZOLA, THE STORY OF JIMMY DURANTE (256 pp.)—Gene Fowler—Viking (\$3).

At the end of his radio & television shows, Jimmy Durante lowers his voice to a hoarse throb and murmurs, "Good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are." Who Mrs. Calabash may be, nobody knows, and Jimmy won't say. His friends like to believe that his airwave salute to her symbolizes the Durante character: grotesque tenderness beneath the mask of a public clown.

The relation of the public Jimmy to the private Jimmy is one of the main preoccupations of Gene Fowler's story. Schnozzola is not as spectacular a performance as Fowler's life on John Barrymore (*Good Night, Sweet Prince*). But it pours a foaming pitcherful of legend and anecdote, and Durante's numberless followers should be left reasonably happy.

**"Brandied as a Criminal."** The son of a lower East Side barber who liked to pass out money in the streets, Jimmy began his career by punching a honky-tonk piano for 75¢ a night. After working in a score of saloons before he was 22, he graduated to a Harlem cabaret, where he played the piano for \$45 a week "from eight o'clock at night till I was subconscious." The boss stifled Jimmy's attempts to be a comedian; he didn't like piano players who tried to be funny. But the comedian could not be stifled for long. In the early '20s Durante became pivot man in a wild comedy trio he formed with Cakewalker Eddie Jackson and Soft-Shoe Dancer Lou Clayton. They "cut up millions of dollars" in the next

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decade and, says Clayton, never needed a written agreement to cover the division of the spoils.

Since the early days, much of Durante's humor has been based on a good-natured release of destructive urges. Once, looking for a strong finish for a musical-comedy skit about bike marathons, Jimmy threw his bike into the orchestra pit—and had to promise in writing not to throw anything at musicians again. A pompous ad extolling the uses of wood in modern life inspired his famous "Wood Number." Rushing wildly through a nightclub, Jimmy would tear up wall moldings and toilet seats, grab salad bowls and meat blocks to make a huge pile of trophies in mid-floor, while he chanted the glories of wood.

The Durante career had its seamy side, too. One big source of income for the trio was the Manhattan speakeasy they ran during Prohibition, a favorite gangster



European

DURANTE  
"Rosie! It's Nosey!"

hangout. But Jimmy managed to dodge real trouble. The only time he was pinched for selling liquor, he moaned, "I'm branded as a criminal."

**Spontaneous Shrewdness.** Jimmy's personal life, as painted by Biographer Fowler, strongly resembles a Grade B movie plot about show business. He was constantly troubled by a conflict of purpose between the two people closest to him: his wife Jeanne and his closest friend, Clayton. Jeanne Durante wanted Jimmy to spend more time at home with her; Clayton kept pushing him upward in the entertainment world. Jimmy, trying to please both, never did solve that problem, though in effect Clayton won. After Jeanne's death in 1943, Jimmy was often irked by a guilty feeling that he had neglected her.

Most of Durante's word-mangling is spontaneous, Fowler swears—though Jimmy is shrewd enough to know that "if I learned to pronounce the big words, 60 of

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my pals would be out of work next day, includin' myself." Fowler has collected dozens of Durante's malapropisms. In a low mood, Jimmy once said, "The red coruscates is gone from my veins. I'm just a hollow shell." Another time, when he had mistaken a firebreak clearing in the woods for the highway, he remarked, "Us professors don't get out of the chemical lavatory too often."

"A King's Transom." Jimmy Durante emerges from Fowler's pages as a strangely unworldly creature driven by a deep wish to be liked by everybody. He seems genuinely surprised to be making "a king's transom." He dislikes any sort of adulation: "I don't want nobody to put me on a pedastil." And he is a notorious soft touch: in 1935 a Broadway character known as Cooney the Boom formed a moochers' syndicate which touched Jimmy for \$5 a head after each night's performance of *Jumbo* and then kicked back 50% to Cooney.

The essence of Jimmy's character, as drawn by Fowler, is revealed in his visit to Rosie, the elephant who had co-starred with him in *Jumbo* and then turned melancholy when the show closed. "Rosie! Rosie! It's Nosey!" said Durante. Rosie trumpeted and lay down on all fours, as she had been taught to do in *Jumbo*. Jimmy tried to wrap his arms around her. "Rosie ain't forgot me," he cried, tears in his voice. "Look! She still loves me!"

#### RECENT & READABLE

**Shadows Move Among Them**, by Edgar Mittelholzer. Uninhibited high jinks about a highly nonconformist pastor in British Guiana, somewhat beggared by the suggestion that it all adds up to ethical utopia (*TIME*, Sept. 17).

**The Holy Sinner**, by Thomas Mann. A medieval version of the Oedipus legend with a happy ending; retold with affectionate irony and a new twist or two (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

**Lie Down in Darkness**, by William Styron. Decay and aimlessness in country-club Virginia; a first novel by a 26-year-old Southerner who writes well if not refreshingly (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

**Dizzy**, by Hesketh Pearson. A lively, short biography of Disraeli, by an enthusiastic admirer (*TIME*, Sept. 3).

**Mr. Smith**, by Louis Untermeyer. Author Untermeyer borrows Sinclair Lewis' old gloves and goes to work on the bruised mid-section of the U.S. middle class; a fairly brisk exhibition, even though a lot of the punches land soft (*TIME*, Aug. 27).

**Moonfleet**, by J. Meade Falkner. First U.S. publication of a turn-of-the-century English classic about smugglers, diamonds and growing boys, for people who reread *Treasure Island* (*TIME*, Aug. 13).

**The Cruel Sea**, by Nicholas Monsarrat. A moving novel of life & death on the Atlantic convoy lanes in World War II (*TIME*, Aug. 6).

**The Catcher in the Rye**, by J. D. Salinger. A tender-tough story about a 16-year-old who tries on a man-about-town role several sizes too large for him (*TIME*, July 16).

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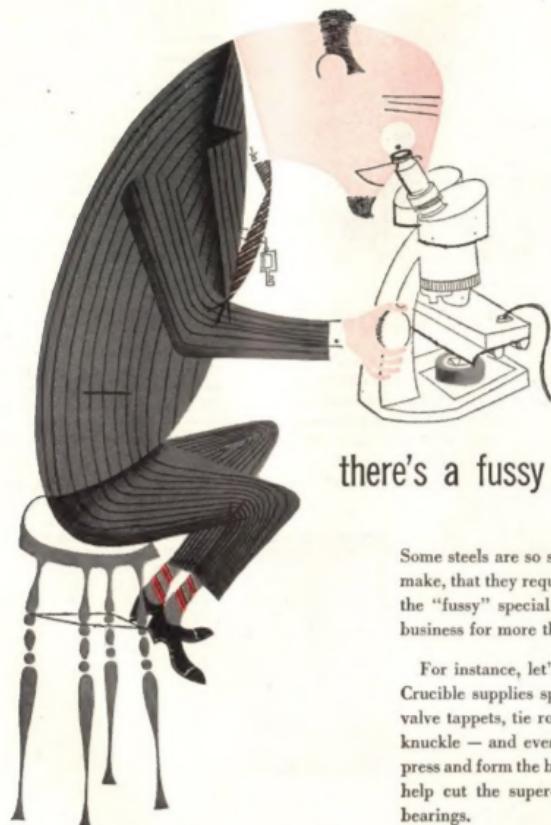
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## MISCELLANY

**Demand & Supply.** In Korea, the 2nd Division's 38th Regiment requisitioned a portable generator and two typewriters, later received a candle and two pencils.

**Purple Heartbeats.** In Scranton, Pa., the *Times* announced that "Edgar Clarkson and Anna Mae Thomas will be wounded in Lenoxville Methodist Church at 3 p.m."

**Stranger in the House.** In Norborne, Mo., Alex Stroud, 58, returning home unexpectedly after serving a two-year jail sentence for chicken-stealing, got a rifle bullet in the shoulder from his son, who mistook him for a burglar.

**The Night Watch.** In Philadelphia, Morgan J. Lewis, 49, perfected a new window gadget to baffle burglars: a trip wire which starts a motor, which dials "Operator" and plays a recording: "Send police at once. The home has been unlawfully entered."

**Nothing Up His Sleeve.** In Excelsior Springs, Mo., police arrested Edwin Colteef, magician-entertainer at the Elms Hotel, charged him with making off from the hotel with silverware, dishes, two ice buckets, a crystal water pitcher, a card table, table mats, bath rugs, tablecloths, napkins, hand and bath towels, wash cloths, blankets, sheets, pillows and pillow slips.

**Convert.** In Brookhaven, Miss., a thief broke into the Rev. W. Landon Miller's study, stole 710 typewritten sermons and a tape recorder.

**Cool & Collected.** In Memphis, two hoodlums held up the Southern United Ice & Coal Co. at pistol point and walked out with 12½ lbs. of ice.

**Fellow Men.** In Quincy, Mass., two drivers collided, exchanged names—Thomas J. O'Brien, 46, of Quincy, and Thomas J. O'Brien, 19, of Dorchester—then exchanged apologies.

**Course of Study.** In Salisbury, England, Speedster Robert Mount explained to the court: "I had just bought a copy of the highway code, and was preoccupied with reading it as I drove along."

**Appointed Rounds.** In Burlington, N.C., Mailman Paul Simpson celebrated his 47th birthday on his day off by running 52 miles across country.

**Breaking Points.** In Chicago, Peter Musick admitted smashing eight plate-glass windows because "it gave me a sense of fulfillment." In New Albany, Ind., when Tenant Frank Collins refused to pay his rent on the ground that it was above the OPA ceiling, Landlord William Deatrick chopped down the stairway entrance to Collins' apartment.

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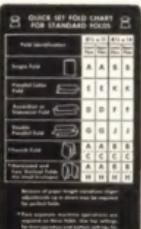
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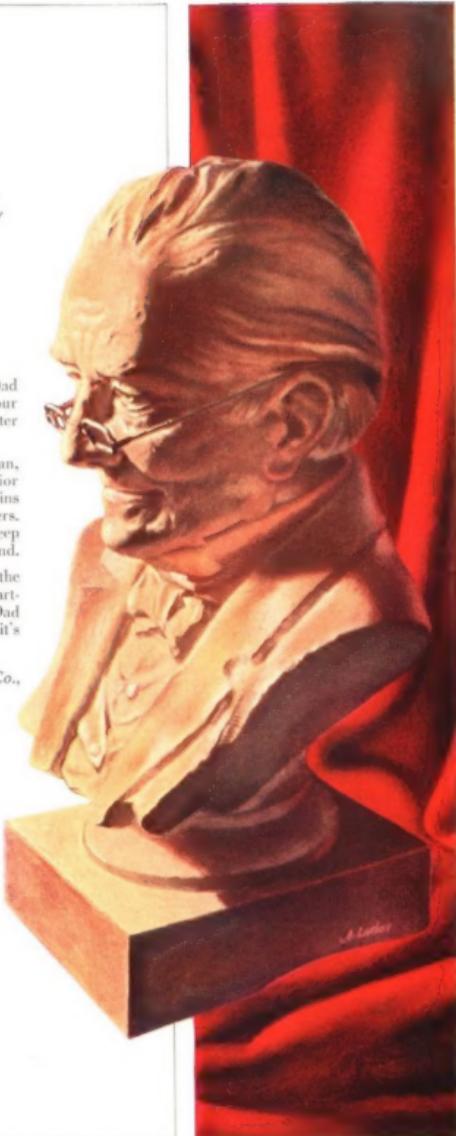
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